

"STAGE-STRUCK."—A VERY STRANGE SERIAL BEGINS TO-MORROW.

The Daily

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ILLUSTRATED

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Photos.

See pages 8 and 9.

A Paper for Men and Women.

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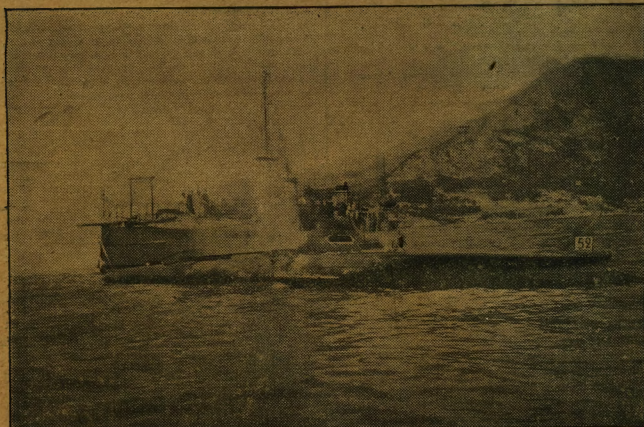
One Halfpenny.

PERILS OF THE MOTOR BOAT—RACER BURNT AT MONTE CARLO.

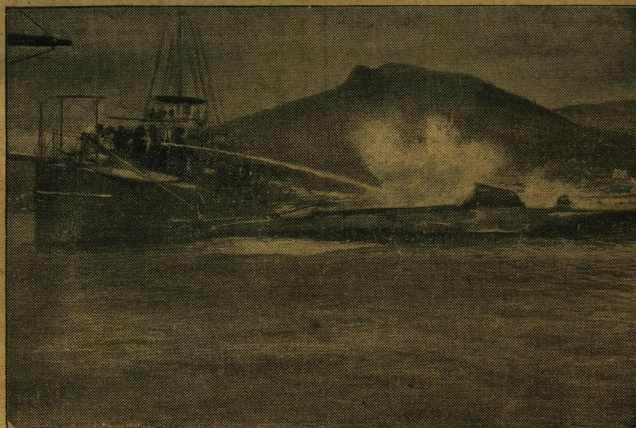


During a race for motor boats at Monte Carlo, one boat, named the Parisienne II, took fire, owing to a leak in the petrol tanks, and was burnt out. The damaged steel shell, which was all that was left, was beached in the harbour at Monaco, where she still lies.

BLAZING PETROL NOT TO BE EXTINGUISHED WITH WATER.

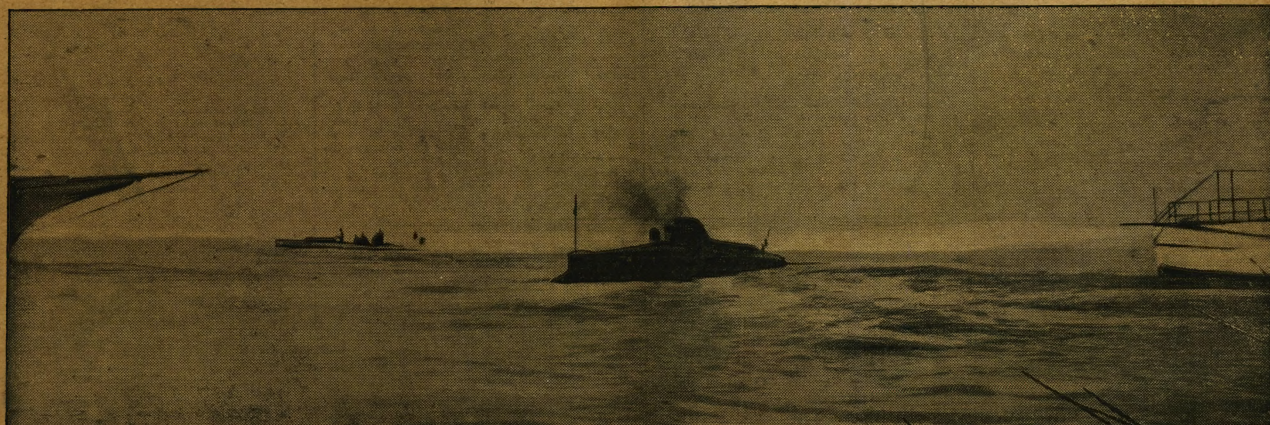


Without the slightest warning a huge sheet of flame swept the tiny craft from end to end, and the crew were compelled to dive overboard.



Nothing would extinguish the blazing oil, and though two gunboats played upon the boat with their hoses, she had eventually to be towed ashore and beached.

THE FIRST SIGNS OF THE OUTBREAK OF THE FIRE.



Soon after the beginning of the race for motor boats the Parisienne II, suddenly left the course, with smoke and flames eddying from below decks. A moment after she was enveloped in flames, and her crew were obliged to leap into the water.

COMING BATTLE.

Combatants in Touch, but
No Serious Fighting Yet.

A STRANGE EASTERTIDE.

Russian General Hopes for Peace
by September.

There is still no definite news of importance from the Far East.

According to Reuter, the Japanese authorities at Seoul state that there have been frequent skirmishes between Sung-chu and Wiju. The main force of the first Japanese army is in the neighbourhood of Wiju.

TOKIO, April 12.

It is believed here that fighting has begun on the Yalu, although no direct information has been received.—Reuter.

General Plung telegraphs from Mukden denying that the Japanese advance guard had crossed the Yalu and had had a skirmish with the Russian forces.

It is stated that ten more ships are to be sent to reinforce Admiral Togo's squadron. The "Echo de Paris" states that General Kuropatkin will continue on the defensive until the arrival in the Far East of the Baltic squadron, which will leave Cronstadt towards the end of July.

JAPANESE STILL LANDING.

A Tientsin message to the "Paris" states that Japanese troops are leaving Nagasaki, Goyats, and Ojima for Korea in small detachments, without any convoy, in order not to attract the attention of the enemy.

PARIS, April 12.

A telegram from St. Petersburg to the "Echo de Paris" says that, according to a well-known member of the General Staff of the Russian Army, the first four corps of the Army are now established in Manchuria, the fifth is on the march, and the tenth and seventeenth will be mobilised by the middle of this month.

By the end of May, he adds, there will be 460,000 men in Manchuria, and it is hoped that the war will be finished in September.—Reuter.

PARIS, Tuesday.

The following telegram is from St. Petersburg:—"According to information received from the General Staff at Mukden, the Japanese fleet is cruising in the direction of Newchuan." An American war correspondent, who has arrived at Victoria, British Columbia, from Yokohama by the steamer Victoria, has returned from the seat of war in disgust. He states that absolutely no news is to be obtained, and says that the correspondents spend their time in playing billiards.

ADMIRAL'S EASTER VIGIL.

St. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.

The following telegram of yesterday's date has been received here from Port Arthur:—"It was expected that the Japanese would deliver a fresh general attack on Easter night, and every precaution was consequently taken. Vice-Admiral Makaroff, who personally supervises the measures taken every night to prevent a surprise, spent the night in a guard boat."

"During the usual Easter night service in the church the windows of the building were covered so as to prevent the light from being seen by the enemy. Only the darkness prevailing throughout the town kept before the inhabitants the possibility of an attack. Easter Sunday passed very quietly. The weather was fine, and a holiday feeling prevailed. The troops celebrated the feast at their posts in a most enthusiastic manner."

"The entire fleet of large battleships and torpedo-boats has just returned from a cruise far out to sea."—Reuter.

BLOWS FOR A PREMIER.

Spanish Minister Attacked with
Clenched Fists at Barcelona.

The Spanish Premier was yesterday attacked at Barcelona. Señor Maura was leaving the Palace of the Council General after having accompanied the King in his visit to the poor-house.

Just as the Premier's carriage was driving off a young man, clean-shaven and well dressed in black, rushed at the Premier and aimed blows at him with his clenched fists. Great confusion ensued. The bystanders, panic-stricken, fled in all directions, shouting that the Premier had been stabbed. The assailant was immediately arrested by the police. The Premier's carriage then drove off without further incident. The prisoner was taken to the Prefecture of Police.—Reuter.

BLACKMAILING AN EARL.

In a letter written to the Earl of Kilmorey Charles Watson, described as a professional singer, is alleged to have attempted to extort blackmail.

Watson was brought before the Marlborough-street magistrate yesterday.

After he was taken into custody Watson made the following statement:—"Yes, that is quite right. I wrote the letter, and if Lord Kilmorey had given me £15 he would have made a good investment."

"The letter is not a blackmailing letter; neither am I a blackmailer, although I shall no doubt be thought one, and I shall have to put up with what happens. When I wrote the letter I was hard up, and did it to get a bit of money."

The magistrate, on being told that nothing was known about the prisoner, said that in that case he would order him to be of good behaviour for twelve months, or in default three months' imprisonment.

BACK AT WESTMINSTER.

Pro-Tibetan Field Day To-Day—
Licensing Bill Postponed.

Although they had been given a good long holiday, members of Parliament turned up in very small numbers at Westminster yesterday for the reassembling of the House of Commons. To-day there will be a much fuller House, for there is to be a debate on the expedition into Tibet, the sanction of the Commons being required for the employment of Indian troops outside India.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson asked the Secretary for India if we were at war with Tibet, but Mr. Brodrick did not give him any answer.

This Tibetan discussion will postpone the Licensing Bill, which is awaited with so much anxiety both by the advanced wing of the temperance party and by the "trade," until Thursday next week. It was to have been brought in to-day, and the delay in producing it has naturally given rise to further rumours of difficulty.

The Cabinet is said to be still divided upon the question of limiting the power of magistrates to refuse public-house licences on the ground that they are not required. The "Standard" yesterday declared that the measure prepared proposes to take away this power for the present and to provide for compensation to dispossessed publicans whenever there is money enough in the Treasury to allow of its step being taken. But this was treated in the House yesterday as humour rather than serious fact.

Cost of Submarines.

In Committee of Supply on the Navy Estimates the most interesting point raised was that of the cost and utility of submarines. Mr. "Tommy" Bowles said the need for them was "somewhat doubtful," and he hoped the Admiralty would not go on adding indefinitely to their number; while Sir Charles Dike also complained that the country had no information about this class of warship. The Admiralty reply was guarded. Submarines, said Mr. Pretyman, the official spokesman, cost about £40,000 each; their value in war had not yet been finally decided.

Sir Charles Dilke was also to the fore when the comparative naval expenditure of Britain, France, Russia, and Germany was under discussion. Comment was upon the extraordinary rapidity with which Germany was adding to her strength on the sea.

The House adjourned early—just after seven.

SUBMARINE STILL SUBMERGED.

Resists All Efforts to Raise Her to
the Surface.

Salvage operations on the wrecked submarine were interrupted yesterday owing to the rough weather, which continued throughout the day. Two-thirds of the air pumped in escaped through the forward hatch-way. The sea then moderated towards evening, and divers went down to endeavour to make the wreck air-tight.

A strong effort will be made to raise the submarine this afternoon.

The submarine was raised by stern lift on Monday night from ground, but sank down again yesterday, when the hawsers had to be released.

FORTUNE'S SPOILED CHILD.

Col. Marchand Resigns His Commission
in a Pet.

Colonel Marchand, the spoiled child of the French Army, has resigned his commission.

This is not the first time that the hero of Fashoda has fallen out with his superiors, but it appears that on this occasion they do not intend to ask him to reconsider his decision.

Ever since the Colonel returned from his memorable interview with Lord Kitchener on the banks of the Nile, Colonel Marchand has been a source of annoyance and embarrassment to successive Ministers of War. The public made a hero of him. The Nationalists found him a convenient political idol, and every time his superiors refused to give him what he wanted, Colonel Marchand threatened to send in his resignation.

After the war broke out in the Far East, the Russian Ambassador in Paris informed the French Government that the inclusion of Colonel Marchand among the officers of the French mission would be agreeable to the Tsar, but the French Government, at the alleged instigation of M. Delcasse, declined to appoint him. When the Tsar learned of this, he again informed the Republic, through his Ambassador, that it was his personal desire to see Colonel Marchand attached to the staff of General Kuropatkin, and at the same time the Emperor sent a personal invitation to the Colonel himself.

The Minister for War, however, turned a deaf ear to the Tsar's request, and definitely refused to grant Colonel Marchand the necessary leave. Thereupon the Colonel sent in his resignation, which will probably be accepted.

It is true that the Colonel is about to marry a rich widow, and this may have made him less concerned as to the ultimate consequences of his rebellious attitude.

TAX ON CORN.

Government Will Revive the
Duty Dropped Last Year.

The *Mirror's* prophecy that the Government would revive the corn tax for revenue purposes in providing for the next Budget is to be realised. We are able to announce that the Cabinet has decided to reimpose the duty of 3d. per cwt. on imported corn, and 5d. on imported flour.

It is estimated to produce £2,650,000.

This is the tax which Sir Michael Hicks Beach imposed during the war, and which Mr. Ritchie steadfastly set his face against twelve months ago and abolished.

Mr. Chamberlain will simply revive the former arrangement in its entirety.

No Repeal of Coal Tax.

At the Treasury yesterday the Chancellor of the Exchequer received a deputation representing the coal industry, who asked that the present export duty on coal should be removed.

The deputation was introduced by Mr. Plummer, M.P., who, after addressing the Minister, was followed by a number of other members of the deputation.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in his reply, said he was reluctant to receive the deputation at the present time because the subject was being considered by a Royal Commission, and it was unfortunate that he should be called upon to express opinions on the matter before he was in possession of the Commission's report.

He did not think it was proved that the tax was responsible for the fall in price or in wages which had occurred in the last year or two.

Coal production had developed in countries abroad, but he did not agree that the tax had brought it about. So far from the British coal trade being in a disastrous or perishing condition, as alleged, last year had seen the largest export of coal that we had ever known, the increase over 1902 being nearly 1,800,000 tons. Wages and profits were lower than in 1899 and subsequent years, but they were higher than in any previous year since 1891.

When he was asked to repeal the tax, it had a natural tendency to stiffen his views in favour of it, but while he would keep an open mind for the consideration of the report of the Royal Commission, he did not intend to see any reason in the arguments advanced for the repeal of the tax.

KENDAL POISON MYSTERY.

Further Examination of the Victim
Necessary.

A new development has arisen in connection with the Westmorland arsenical poisoning, in connection with which Elizabeth Nicholson and Thomas Metcalf stand committed on a charge of murder on a coroner's warrant.

After the inquest the stomach and intestines of the deceased, James Gilpin, were conveyed to Dr. Stephenson, of Guy's Hospital, the Treasury analyst, for examination.

It has been found necessary, however, to have a further examination of the body, and yesterday Chief Constable Berry received a letter from the Home Office ordering an examination.

DYING MAN'S DIARY.

Chamois Hunter Records His Im-
pressions of Despair.

A chamois hunter, named Veber, a native of Appenzel (writes our Geneva correspondent), has just died from the effects of a fall and exposure on the Saentis mountain. He shot a chamois, which tumbled over a precipice, and in attempting to recover the body of the animal Veber also fell and broke his leg. He spent two days and a night unable to move for fear of falling further, and lived upon the chamois.

He wrote his impression in a note-book, which shows that he intended to commit suicide by shooting himself, but decided to resign himself to fate. When discovered by two friends Veber was in an unconscious condition, holding on to the hilt of a hunting knife, which he had driven into the chamois body. He was removed to his home, where he died.

HIS LAST CIGARETTE.

Temporarily out of work, Henry William Hall, an engine fitter, living in Caledonian-road, became deluded into the idea that he had done his work wrong, and had caused his firm a lot of harm. During Saturday night he got out of bed and went to the landing window, threatening to cut his wife's throat when she called him back.

He lit a cigarette, which he said would be his last in this world, and afterwards jumped on to the window-sill. His wife caught hold of him and held him for some time, but he fell before assistance arrived in answer to her screams.

His skull was fractured, and a verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane was returned at the inquest held at Islington yesterday.

PERSONAL.

LOMBARD-STREET.—To-morrow (Thursday) at two—

W. FELIX.—Tell X at 4 cr. ex. Kensington. Cr. Careful.

JACK. LUBBER.—Premised message not received. Too bad—

—FUTILE.

W. H. S. Plymouth. Katie sends love.—LONG—

—SHOREMAN.

MAY.—Difficulties ahead. Be very careful. K—

—P.

LOST.—On Friday, April 8th, afternoon, 3.30, near Princess Alice Hotel, Remford-road, Forest Gate, black leather purse lined green silk, containing £12 in gold, few shillings silver, a Kruger sovereign with head encased, and initials on same H. F. and A. G. B.—Any one finding same to Miss G. B. Basham, King of Prussia, Broadway, Stratford, Essex, will be handsomely rewarded.

UPAS.—Under the shade of the Palm, 11.30 sharp.—A. K. NURS.—Will not change. Trust me. Never mind what people say.—YOURS.

J. H.—If you will not return home will try forget. Im-

possible forgive. Cheque sent.—LUCY.

FOUND.—In Berrier-street, small brooch.—Owner may

have it on sending description to Alpha, Post Office,

Chichester.

S. L. H.—On no account forget special business we

have it on sending description to Alpha, Post Office,

Chichester. Most important.—SCOTTIE.

* * * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to

5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of

one shilling for 10 lines and 2d. per word afterwards. They

can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal

order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column charged

for 4s. and 6d. per word after.—Address: Advertisement

Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-street, London.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Sold Her Daughters to a
Gipsy Chief to Swell
the War Fund.

LOVERS' EFFORT IN VAIN.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Moscow, April 6.

Excessive patriotism has led to a most heart-rending tragedy in East Russia.

The Cossacks of Orenburg are perhaps the most patriotic section of the Tsar's subjects; and every Cossack village raised a special fund for equipping its own men with good horses.

A poor widow named Likatchoff was unable to subscribe; she had no resource beyond those which she provided for her three handsome daughters—one fifteen, the next seventeen, the eldest nineteen—with the bare necessities of existence. In spite of her poverty being known, her fellow-villagers taunted her with lack of patriotism. Perhaps half in fun they declared that she had no love for her country or the "Little Father," as they call the Tsar.

For some time the poor woman bore their gibes in silence; but one day they became more than she could bear. After hearing mass in the village church, she found herself the centre of a group of tormentors, who accused her of preferring the "yellow dwarfs" to her own countrymen. Stung to uncontrollable anger, she broke away from them, declaring that she would find a way to subscribe a larger sum than all the village put together. Next day she and her three daughters had disappeared.

A Lover's Search.

Twenty-four hours elapsed and then the widow came back alone. She went straight to the "starosta" (head man) of the village and handed him notes for ninety roubles (49s.). She was in a state of great excitement. "Are you in trouble?" asked the old man. "Where are your daughters, and where have you been to?" But he got no reply. She refused to answer any questions and hurried with trembling limbs and burning cheeks to her home.

Soon the curiosity of the village was aroused, and before nightfall curiosity had turned to alarm. The most anxious of all inquirers as to the absence of the girls was a fine young Cossack, named Fedoroff. He was betrothed to the eldest. He worshipped her with all the ardour of his half-tamed, romantic nature. A suggestion made by an old peasant drove him almost mad with doubt and fear. He rushed to the mother's house, but she had locked herself in and would make no sign even. So he ran to his horse, saddled it with feverish haste, and galloped out of the village.

He took the nearest way to an encampment of Kirghiz nomads, wanderers without any settled home, who follow their flocks about the country, living under the most primitive conditions, but by no means in great poverty. As soon as he reached the encampment he made for the tents of the chief (or "sultan") of the tribe, and there he learned that his betrothed and her sisters were to be found.

Too Late!

Fedoroff demanded their instant surrender. "That may not be," replied the "sultan." "I paid 'Tsar's money' for the maidens, and mine they shall remain." Threats and entreaties were alike useless. At last the young Cossack mounted again and rode off. He could do nothing by himself, but with twenty desperate comrades to help him he might accomplish a rescue. The twenty were soon collected, and before long they were in full combat at close quarters with the Kirghiz tribesmen.

It was a stubborn fight, but at length the Cossacks were victorious. The tribesmen were put to flight, their "sultan" killed, and the encampment was in Russian hands. Fedoroff hastened at the first moment possible back to the tent where his loved one had been imprisoned. Flushed with triumph and with the liveliest in his eyes, he lifted the curtain—only to find that all his efforts had been in vain.

All he found was the body of the eldest girl, who had been brutally murdered by the savage Kirghiz as soon as the fight began.

The two other girls are stated to have been discovered elsewhere, still alive, but half insane with fear, though the newspaper accounts of the affair leave their fate in some doubt.

ENGLAND IN EGYPT.

Beneficent Effects of the British
Occupation.

"At no former period in their long history have the people of Egypt been so prosperous or so contented as at present."

These words occur in Lord Cromer's comprehensive report for the year 1903 on the finances, administration, and condition of Egypt and the Sudan.

In the Post Office Savings Banks there are 29,499 depositors, with £129,000 to their credit; but it is assumed that the peasants are hoarding a large amount of gold, seeing that during the last five years the imports of gold exceeded the exports by £12,416,000 (Egyptian). Thus it is considered desirable to encourage the peasantry to invest their savings, and remove this incentive to theft.

There is a steady yearly increase in the expenditure on education.

Lord Cromer refers with satisfaction to the desire of the Legislative Council to spend more money on education, and interprets this to a wish to raise up a body of Egyptians who may gradually take the place of some, at all events, of the Europeans now employed in that country.

One of the most remarkable returns is one showing that the total population of the Sudan before the period of Dervish rule was estimated at 8,525,000; but of these, 3,451,000 died from disease, 2,303,500 were killed in warfare, and the existing population is estimated at only 1,870,500 persons.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Variable and gusty sou'-easterly winds; fair to unsettled; local thunderstorms; close. Lighting-up time: 7.52 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate to rather rough generally.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Parliament reassembled yesterday, the attendance of members being poor. Navy estimates were considered, and the cost and utility of submarines questioned, Mr. Pretyman, for the Admiralty, replying to questions on these points.—(Page 2.)

A debate on the expedition into Tibet takes place in the Commons to-day.—(Page 2.)

The *Mirror's* prophecy that the Government would revive the corn tax for revenue purposes in providing for the next Budget is to be realised.—(Page 2.)

At Port Arthur the Russians celebrated the Easter festival in a darkened town, fearing an attack by the Japanese. It is reported that a Japanese squadron is in the vicinity of Newchwang and that there has been fighting on the Yalu. Japanese troops are being sent from three Japanese ports to Korea.—(Page 2.)

Bad weather again interrupted salvage operations on the sunken submarine. A strong effort to rebloat her is to be made this afternoon.—(Page 2.)

Lord Cromer considers that the people of Egypt have never before been so prosperous as is the case to-day.—(Page 2.)

When leaving the palace of the Consul-General at Barcelona the Spanish Premier was attacked and wounded by a man armed with a dagger.—(Page 2.)

Mr. Justice Grantham has been robbed of £20 while leaving a station, the thief succeeding in making good his escape.—(Page 7.)

"La Poupée" was revived last evening at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.—(Page 5.)

Mrs. Eskell Paget, a lady dentist, was yesterday ordered to pay £250 for having libelled her brother-in-law, also a dentist.—(Page 6.)

An ex-lieutenant of the Austrian Army, in a book published at Leipzig, makes some remarkable assertions respecting Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Belgian King, who is at present confined in an asylum.—(Page 7.)

A statement that cigars and cigarettes had been distributed to Sunday school scholars as an inducement to attend formed the subject of a libel action brought by the Rev. R. L. Lang, a Somerset vicar. He was awarded £250 and costs.—(Page 6.)

Bicycles figured in a divorce case heard yesterday, the sight of a strange machine being that of his wife's first rousing petitioner's suspicions. The husband was granted a decree nisi.—(Page 4.)

Small-pox is spreading at Derby, the number of cases being now twenty-one.—(Page 4.)

Mr. Edwin Streeter, the well-known diamond merchant, who contemplates retirement at an early date, tells how the business was formed.—(Page 12.)

In the High Court tributes to the memory of the late Mr. Justice Byrne were made by his colleagues on the Bench.—(Page 7.)

Arrested after a hoologian outrage at Walthamstow, which ended in the death of an elderly man, James Molloy, labourer, was yesterday sent for trial.—(Page 6.)

Official statistics show that the number of Volunteers is now less by over 92,000, this decrease having taken place within the last nine months.—(Page 7.)

During the passage of the cross-Channel steamer *Manche* to Dieppe a passenger jumped overboard. He was rescued with great difficulty, and later succumbed.—(Page 4.)

Charles Watson, a professional singer, was at Marlborough Street ordered to find a surety in £25 for having sent a letter demanding money to the Earl of Kilmorey.—(Page 2.)

The famous Whitton orchards, situated between Isleworth and Twickenham, were submitted at auction yesterday, one lot realising £7,100.—(P. 4.)

A German servant girl, who is alleged to have concocted a sensational story of burglary, was at Marylebone remanded. Prisoner told the police she took property valued at £100 for the sake of her lover.—(Page 6.)

On a visit to friends, a Brighton lady became strange in her manner. Left alone in a room, she committed suicide with a razor.—(Page 11.)

By the defeat of Manchester United yesterday Woolwich Arsenal stand a much better chance of promotion into League I.—(Page 15.)

Good racing marked the first day of the Newmarket meeting. St. Amant, one of the Derby favourites, was beaten in the Biennial Stakes by His Majesty. Maher rode four winners during the afternoon.—(Page 14.)

On the Stock Exchange prospects of a reduction in the Bank Rate were discussed, the feeling being one of buoyancy. Consols touched 88½. Home Rails, after opening well, experienced a set-back. The general tone in the Foreign market was good.—(Page 15.)

To-Day's Arrangements.

The Colonial Secretary attends a Conservative and Liberal Unionist Meeting at Stratford.
Easter Banquet at the Mansion House, 7.30.
Conference of Education Committee, Holborn Restaurant, 2.30.
Royal Amateur Orchestral Society: Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.30.
Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., addresses the Bristol Chamber of Commerce, and receives deputations on Shop Hours and other questions.
Private Schools Association: Conference at Oxford.
Royal Botanic Society: Exhibition of Plants and Flowers, 1-4.
Racing: Newmarket.

IN THE THICK OF BATTLE.

Englishman Tells How His Ship Was Shelled by Russians at Port Arthur.

An eye-witness of two Port Arthur bombardments, who has had shells falling all around him, a man who has looked down the muzzle of a three-inch Russian gun which was being fired at him at twenty yards range. Such is Mr. H. McElligott, chief officer of the ss. *Fu Ping*. He has just arrived in London, and given the following graphic account of his unpleasant experiences to a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative.

"We arrived at Port Arthur with fourteen hundred tons of coal on February 5," he said. "Don't believe the Russian yarns about their not being

firing was over our real trouble began. We hoisted the Blue Peter again, and prepared to weigh again, but the commandant sent word that if we attempted to move he would use no more words. The skipper went off to see about it, and then refugees from the town began pouring into the ship in hundreds. Twenty-three Europeans came, and boatload after boatload of scared Chinese men, women, and children, until we were full to the hatches. Few of them had any money. They told me the Russians had held back their pay for the last three months, to prevent their running away—but it was impossible to turn them back—common humanity forbade. Captain

training his gun on me. He was as close as those houses on the other side of the street.

"I jumped to the anchors and heaved them overboard, for I saw they would sink the ship if we did not stop. As I did so they fired again. I felt no shock, but that shell passed through the ship's side, 2ft. under the deck I was standing on. It travelled aft, went through two steel bulkheads, two wooden bulkheads, and several beams, and burst in the hold among the Chinese, who were packed together like herrings. I heard the men and women screaming out, and ran aft.

"The Russians fired another shell, which travelled in the same direction as the first, but fortunately did not burst. It fell into a man's kit bag without hurting anyone.

"The sight in the hold was ghastly. A little girl's leg was blown away, and a boy's back horribly mangled. We carried the children on deck, but the shells had set the ship on fire, and I had to attend to that. We got the fire under in a few minutes, and in the meantime the children died.

"Three Chinamen in that hold were badly wounded, one mortally; but we did not find that out until days after. They would not tell us for

VICAR'S TRIUMPHANT TROMBONE.



Headed by the Rev. W. Carille, armed with his now famous trombone, a procession of cadets for the Church Army marched through the City from Billingsgate Church to St. Mary-at-Hill.

prepared for war. As we steamed into harbour we passed the Russian fleet, and every ship was cleared for action.

A Lively Time.

"We had discharged our cargo and were ready to leave on the 8th. I took a look round the town in the evening, and got back to the ship a little after eleven. About two hours later there was a sudden booming and crackling of guns from outside the harbour, where the Russian fleet was lying. I did not pay much attention to it at first—thought the Russians were practising—but I soon saw it was something more serious. I went up on the bridge, but there was little to be seen, as the trouble was all going on outside the harbour.

"In the morning we hoisted the Blue Peter, and prepared to weigh anchor and steam out, and then our troubles commenced. The port commander sent along and said we were not to leave, his representative adding that the harbour mouth was blocked. Captain Gray, our skipper, took a boat to go and see, and he had a lively time. Just as he reached the mouth of the harbour, which was nearly blocked by the torpedoed *Tsarevitch* and *Retvisan*, the Japanese began their second attack. Shells fell all round the boat, and they had to beach her and run for shelter among the rocks. One of the sailors had his head cut open by a splinter of stone, and they all had a pretty warm time.

Coal and Flour Mixed.

"I was on the bridge of the *Fu Ping* when the shindy started. Over the *Tiger's Tail* peninsula I could see the masts of the warships manœuvring outside; but I did not worry about them—I was too much interested in what was going on around me. It fairly hailed shells.

"One shell passed just over us, and went bang into the heap of coal we had discharged on to the wharf, scattering it all over the place. Another hit a huge stack of flour bags that had just been put up close by the coal, and the mess it made would have driven a baker mad.

"The harbour was fairly sailed with shells, and how we were not hit I don't know. One large boat burst in the water just astern of us and covered the ship from stern to stem with water and mud. It was beastly uncomfortable."

The interviewer asked Mr. McElligott whether it was not a nerve-trying experience.

Interested Frenchmen.

"Well," he replied, "I thought I was a veritable coward, but it's funny how soon you get used to that sort of thing. Some of our passengers went ashore for shelter as soon as it started, but others stayed and watched it, and we were all interested. It did not seem to scare any of us at all. There were two French artillerymen with us, and they called out the calibre of each shell as it struck.

"The Japs knew what they were doing. Although the shells were scattered all over the place most of them fell round the dockyard and the forts. I think one must have burst in a magazine in the Fort d'Or (on Golden Hill) for there was a big explosion and a regular Vesuvius for a few minutes.

"One thing that helped the Japs was the forts having black powder instead of smokeless. The smoke hung round and prevented the gunners seeing what they were doing. Not that that mattered very much, for the Russians proved themselves duffing marksmen. It was after the

Gray had to sign a document promising to tell nothing of what he had seen in the harbour, and at last, on the afternoon of the 10th, we got a great stamped permit about two feet square authorising us to leave.

Fired Point Blank.

"Past the wrecks of the great battleships in the harbour we steamed slowly out, going dead slow. We had nearly reached the wrecked *Retvisan* which stuck out in the Channel with her stern fast on the rocks, when, as I was standing on deck right in the nose of our boat, all of a sudden I heard a gun fired.

"Good Lord! I thought, 'There are the Japs again.' On our port bow, not more than twenty yards away, was the *Rasboynick* guardship, commanded by Prince Lewin. I looked at her and saw an officer directing a Russian gunner, who was

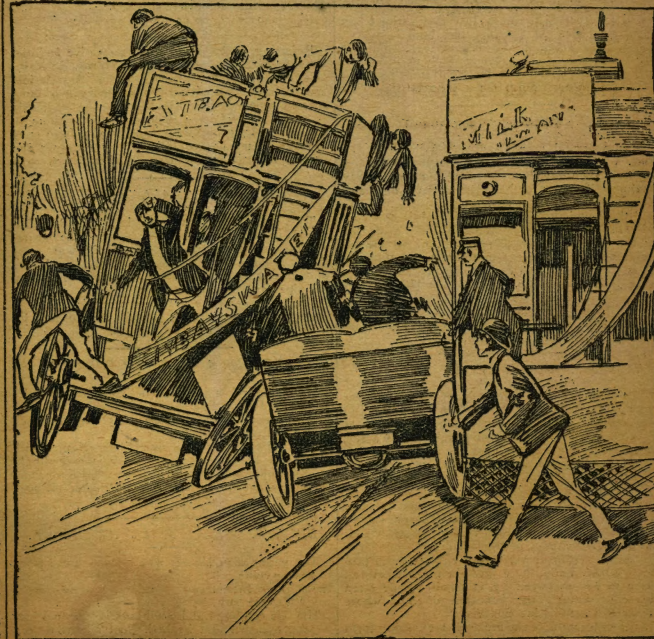
fear we should give them into the care of the Russians.

"We went to the commandant for an explanation, and he apologised. Said it was just a mistake, and allowed us to go."

RECRUITING BY TROMBONE.

Weird and wondrous are the Rev. Wilson Carille's ideas for attracting recruits to his Church Army. At the head of a band of seventeen white-clad cadets, and blowing vigorously on his famous trombone, the "vicar," as they call him, has been parading the City streets. After a short service in Billingsgate Church-yard, the procession, with a following of admiring fish-porters, passed on to St. Mary-at-Hill, where Mr. Carille entered the pulpit. Each cadet spoke up for himself, and was catechised publicly.

OMNIBUS CAPSIZED BY A MOTOR CAR.



A motor-car and an omnibus collided at Shepherd's Bush, with disastrous results to the omnibus. The motor-car, in avoiding an electric tram, overturned both the bus and its horses.

BICYCLES AND DIVORCE.

Husband Finds a Strange Machine Beside His Wife's.

The sight of two bicycles, one belonging to his wife, but the other a strange machine, first raised the suspicions which yesterday led to Mr. Charles Vosper, a cotton-yarn buyer, of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, seeking a divorce from his wife before Mr. Justice Barnes. A Mr. Frank Jones was cited as co-respondent.

Mr. Pike, on behalf of the petitioner, stated the marriage took place in July, 1895, and Mr. and Mrs. Vosper afterwards lived together at Ashton-on-Mersey. The co-respondent was a friend of theirs, and from time to time he used to visit them.

In July, 1903, Mrs. Vosper went to stay at a farmhouse at Millington with the child of the marriage, who is in ill-health, and from time to time her husband used to ride over on his bicycle to see her.

One day he noticed two bicycles standing by the side of a hedge, one of which he recognised as that of his wife. He got off his bicycle and found his wife and Mr. Jones together in a lonely place.

That night his wife told him that she hated him, and that she loved the co-respondent. Ultimately she left him and went to live with the co-respondent in Manchester.

In the course of his evidence the petitioner said that his wife said she would do as he liked. He threatened to give Jones "a good hiding," but she got between them and prevented him.

His Lordship granted a decree nisi, with costs, and custody of the child.

SMALL-POX SPREADING AT DERBY.

More cases of small-pox are reported from Derby, numbers in all twenty-one cases Saturday. Much alarm has been caused at the Church Army Labour Home by the outbreak of several cases there. As an instance of how the disease is spread, it is said that a man went on with his usual work while suffering from small-pox.

MYSTERY OF A GIRL'S DEATH.

A verdict of Found Drowned was returned at the inquest at Enfield yesterday on Rose Hillier Matthews, twenty-six, of Seven Sisters Road, Holloway.

She had expressed a desire to join the Salvation Army, and set out to attend one of the Army open-air meetings. Last night her body was found in the New River at Enfield.

MUNICIPAL TELEPHONES.

With reference to the proposed acquisition of the undertaking of the National Telephone Company, Limited, by the Post Office authorities, the representatives of the municipal corporations owning and working telephones were received yesterday by the secretary to the Post Office, who assured them that an opportunity would be given them of placing their views before the Postmaster-General.

RUINED BY RAIN.

Reference was made at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday to the effect the wet weather had had on doctors' practices in the past winter. A doctor, who appeared on a judgment summons, said that he could not possibly pay the debt, although it was for medicines for his surgery, as last year it had cost him ruin to the business.

The Judge: It is well known that last year, although so wet, was yet a very healthy year, and doctors were not in demand.

COLD WEATHER AND THE BIRDS.

An Irish correspondent notes that the cold weather and the late spring which is being experienced in Ireland are having a strange effect on the wild birds. They are not laying their full complement of eggs, and in many instances have abandoned their nests altogether. The nest of a hedge sparrow was found, and in it were three eggs. The bird, however, at the expiration of a few days deserted the nest altogether without any apparent cause. Then a blackbird built in a comfortable low green shrub, laid two eggs, and left her nest. A wren in like manner built in an old teapot, in a sheltered position, against an ivy wall, but failed to even finish the structure.

DRUNKENNESS AND INSANITY.

At the annual meeting of the society for the study of inebriety yesterday, Dr. Robert Jones, medical superintendent of the London County Asylum, Claybury, delivered an address on "The Relation of Inebriety to Mental Disease." He said there undoubtedly was in all inebriates a considerable mental deterioration, as was evidenced by the fact that over 20 per cent. of all the inebriates under treatment in retreats and reformatories were transferred during one year, 1898, into asylums for the insane. Out of the 116,000 cases of insanity at the present time detained in asylums there were probably no less than 11,000 males and 6,000 females whose insanity was directly or indirectly caused through drink.

TURNER'S COUNTRY AT AUCTION.

The famous Whitton orchards, on the electric route to Hampton Court, between Isleworth and Twickenham, were sold by auction yesterday at Tokenhouse-yard. The estate comprised 270 acres, with an old manor house, and one lot, the Eucraf Farm, ranging just over 28 acres, was sold for £27,100.

Whitton orchards, in all the beauty of their spring garb, attracted the poet and the painter. When residing at Twickenham Turner sought colour and inspiration there, and a constant visitor was Horace Walpole, another resident in the neighbourhood. While living at the villa now the property of Mr. Labouchere (now in the market and likely to be swallowed by villadom) Pope often sauntered through the beautiful district, whose prettiness appeared instinctively to the poet.

At the present time the orchards are putting forth a mass of bud and blossom, and the brilliant bloom will bring thousands of Londoners to gaze on the delightful spectacle; but red brick buildings, with apologies for gardens, will shortly fill the area now occupied by them.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

The Dutch Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery has been visited by 45,000 people in ten days.

It has been decided to discontinue the instruction of sword exercise at Aldershot, as the new sword is very shortly to be issued.

Mr. Cuthbert Clarke has been appointed to succeed Mr. Leopold Wenzel as conductor of the orchestra at the Empire Theatre of Varieties.

The estate of the late Mr. J. Powell Williams, M.P. for South Birmingham, is sworn at £19,352 by his widow and Mr. W. A. Bindley, of Edgbaston.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein yesterday opened the Suffolk Regimental Homes, erected in memory of the late Prince Christian Victor at Bury St. Edmunds.

Mary Smith, a domestic servant, was yesterday at Hastings committed for trial for the murder of her infant child, which was found on Bexhill beach with thirteen punctured wounds.

While under remand on bail John Pitcher, a Gower-street dentist, who had been charged at Bow-street with a serious offence, has committed suicide by severing an artery in his leg.

At Southend-on-Sea yesterday a horse attached to a cart laden with bricks bolted from the goods yard of the railway station, and dashed over the rails at the crossing leading to the High-street, falling a distance of several feet.

F. L. Breslauer was discharged at the Bournemouth Quarter Sessions yesterday on the technical objection that the foreman of the grand jury had neglected to initial witnesses' statements. He was re-arrested on another charge.

A sort of naval rummage sale took place at Chatham Dockyard yesterday, where eleven obsolete ships of various designs were put up to auction. By the conditions of the sale none of the ships can be resold to Powers at present at war.

HOUDINI INDISPOSED.

Overwork has compelled Houdini to rest awhile at the Hotel Providence, in Leicester-square. His illness is a great disappointment to Newcastle, where he was to have appeared this week in his wonderful hand-cuff performances.

CURATE ADVERTISES FOR A WIFE.

In a provincial newspaper the following advertisement appears:—
"Wanted, lady possessing means assist young clergyman financially regarding some property? View marriage if mutual; excellent prospects; particulars given.—Address, care, etc."

FIRE INSURANCE ON A HUGE SCALE.

A very large fire insurance policy has just been effected at Lloyd's. The total amount is £2,150,000, and the insurance covers all the cars of the Wagon-Lit Company throughout Europe. It is arranged that no single claim can exceed £12,000. The premium was 1s. 6d. per cent.

HERBERT SPENCER'S WILL.

There is a difference of opinion among the heirs of Mr. Herbert Spencer as to the amounts they should receive under the will. Mr. Spencer's nephew states that it is unlikely the parties will go to law, it being expected that the differences will be settled at a family gathering.

NEST IN A BUSY STREET.

A thrush's nest, containing four eggs, has been found in a busy thoroughfare at Clapham. No effort had been made by the birds to conceal it. Curiously enough, the first housemaid locally observed this spring was seen yesterday near Clapham Common, and those early-astir in Pechham Rye Park heard the cuckoo.

MUNICIPAL PARASITES.

Referring to the provision of recreative facilities by municipalities, Mr. George Harwood, M.P., at a meeting of the Eccles Citizens' Association, said that many parasitic communities which hung round the outskirts of cities like Manchester hardly treated the city fairly; they took care to share all the advantages but were not prepared to pay towards them, nor to follow their example and provide schools and libraries for themselves.

A VERY "TALL" STORY.

To a leading tobacconist in the Midlands a Birmingham correspondent attributes the extraordinary statement that the authorities at some public schools, having failed to check the advance of cigarette smoking among boys, are setting up the pipe as a counter-attraction.

Recently one of the best-known public schools in the country, it is asserted, placed a large order with a Birmingham firm for briar pipes.

PREMIER'S NEW MOTOR-CAR.

Mr. Balfour has just had delivered to his order a new and very fine motor, and seems to have given up entirely the exercise of cycling, to which he was so much addicted.

Mr. Balfour's car is a six-cylinder Napier with Cape cart hood down. The body is exceedingly roomy, holding six people in the back portion, and carrying eight in all. The Prime Minister has been spending his Easter on the car.

BRISTOL MIDAS STILL AT LARGE.

The young man Moore, who circulated the story of having come into a fortune of £10,000, was, says the *Mirror* Bristol correspondent, sent to Kingswood Reformatory, Bristol, in 1899, for three years. His late employer at Bristol says Moore told him on one occasion that he had spent all his money in endeavouring to prove his claim to a large fortune, and said he had not tasted food for the whole of one day.

The police have not been successful in arresting him.

The London County Council yesterday decided to issue £5,000,000 3 per cent. stock at a price of £90 per £100.

Proceedings were yesterday instituted against the managers of the three principal theatres of Newcastle-on-Tyne for overcrowding.

Dr. Ludwig Hektoen, a New York medical scientist, has arrived in London to make researches with the view of discovering the scarlet fever germ.

Mr. Balfour has informed Mr. Field that the Royal Commission on Food Supplies in Time of War is taking evidence on the question of gambling in "futures."

At the Medland Hall, Ratcliff, 121,237 homeless "castaways" were provided for during the last twelve months. Except Rutland, every county in England was represented among them.

The public examination in the Bankruptcy Court of Stanley Edward Spencer, the well-known aeronaut, was concluded yesterday, the statement of affairs showing liabilities £716 and assets nil.

An errand boy named Robertson, living in Marylebone, yesterday found a purse in Great Portland-street containing over £30. On taking it to the owner he was given sixpence for his honesty.

Five years' penal servitude was the sentence passed yesterday on a noted railway thief named Matthew Bennett for robberies from London stations. His companion escaped to the Continent.

A defendant, who described himself as a pianoforte tuner, told Judge Edge at Wood Green County Court yesterday that there was a larger percentage of tuners in lunatic asylums than of any other profession.

"I am going to inflict on you a punishment I have never inflicted before," Mr. McConnell, K.C., said at Clerkenwell Sessions, in ordering George Walters, a valet, who had masqueraded in female attire, twelve strokes of the cat in addition to twelve months' hard labour.

LODGINGS IN A PIGSTY.

Unable to obtain lodgings, Walter Benjamin, a woman's tailor, at Lydney, in Gloucestershire, asked his employer to allow him to sleep in the pigsty until he found proper accommodation. His request was granted, but after one night in these strange surroundings he died. Previously he had complained of being unwell.

SAVING LIFE WITH TURPENTINE.

Ordinary turpentine, according to Mr. Allen, Dublin veterinary surgeon, is an antidote to carbolic acid. The efficacy of this antidote has been tested on a dog. A dose of carbolic acid was administered, and when all the ordinary symptoms of carbolic poisoning had been developed oil of turpentine was given, and the dog recovered within a short time.

NAUGHTY GIRLS TOO PLENTIFUL.

All the industrial homes for the reform of girls throughout the country are now crowded.

This condition of things was brought to light in a case heard at Bromley (Kent), and concerning a girl convicted of robbery. It was not until seven weeks had elapsed and applications had been made all over the country that a vacancy could be found for her in Cornwall.

IMPROMPTU FOUNTAIN.

For nearly half an hour yesterday the fountains in Trafalgar-square were rivalled by an impromptu competitor in Charing Cross-road. A large water-main opposite the Garrick Theatre burst, and an irregular stream of water was thrown forty feet into the air. A large crowd collected and watched the unusual sight until the water was got under control.

HORSE AS HAT RACK.

It was Mark Twain who said that a horse upon whom one could hang a hat was an animal with many good points.

Such a steed has been the subject of police court proceedings at Birkdale, Liverpool, its owner, a grocer, being fined 40s. for cruelty. The animal's ribs, it was said, could be counted from a distance, and the veterinary surgeon succeeded in hanging his hat on the horse's hip bone.

BOUND IN A CANAL.

Two strange occurrences are reported from Stoke on Trent. Going to his work, a labourer found on a fence a coat ticketed, "A mispent life," and close by was an elderly man floundering in the canal, his hands and feet bound with cord, and unable to get out.

On Monday, in the same part of the canal, another man was found bound in exactly the same manner. He stated he was tired of life, having an affection of the brain.

"KISSING DAY" AT HUNGERFORD.

The quiet little Berkshire town of Hungerford was yesterday enlivened with the quaint celebration of the quaint customs of "Hocktide." Early in the morning the inhabitants were roused from their slumbers by blasts on the historic horn which John of Gaunt presented to the town, and the "tail-men," with their wands of office, set forth on their quest of kissing all the ladies, and collecting a penny toll from every householder. This ceremony takes place every year.

POST OFFICE AND MOTOR VANS.

The Post Office will not introduce extensively a system of motor mail vans for the present. One of the chief officials of the department yesterday gave evidence that so far a perfect type of motor mail van had not yet been put on the market. "We cannot run any risks with his Majesty's mails," he said. "We are anxious to benefit the public service as much as possible, but while all motors are in the experimental stage we are chary of adopting any particular system."

SUICIDE IN MID-CHANNEL.

Englishman Leaps from a Steamer Going at Full Speed.

Passengers on the Brighton Railway's steamer *Manche* were horrified by a dramatic suicide which took place in mid-channel during the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe.

While the steamer was steaming nearly twenty-one knots an hour, a male passenger jumped overboard. The captain of the *Manche* immediately stopped the ship and with all possible dispatch lowered a lifeboat, which was sent to endeavour to rescue the man. After a short search he was picked up and placed on board the steamer. A doctor used every possible endeavour to restore vitality, but without success. On the arrival of the vessel at Dieppe the body was taken to the Morgue, where, according to papers found on the clothing, it was identified as that of a British subject named G. Barnes.

BRITISH BRAINS WANTED.

Earl Grey presided last night at a meeting of the Society of Arts, at which Mr. Ben. H. Morgan delivered an address on "The Regeneration of South Africa." The country, the lecturer said, was only waiting to be regenerated by the free use of British capital, and, above all, the liberal application of British brains.

PUBLIC LIKE SHELTER.

It has been noted at Glasgow that during the two or three weeks that a double-decked tramcar had been running the fares from it amounted to £1 a day more than from any other car on the route. In Liverpool the earnings from covered cars work out at an increase at the rate of £200 per cent per annum, as compared with uncovered cars. This shows that there is a large source of revenue in the covered cars, as compared with the others.

THE GIRL-BRIDE CASE.

Large numbers of the public were present at the resumed inquest at Birkenhead on the death of Frances Dolores Lee, whose body was found in Birkenhead Park last night.

Their curiosity to see the husband, Alfred Harris Lee, was not gratified, as the inquest was adjourned until next Monday without any evidence being taken.

The coroner explained that new circumstances have arisen calling for further inquiry.

POTATOES AS AN INVESTMENT.

Mr. A. Findlay, the well-known raiser of the Eldorado potato, which has commanded such sensational prices of late, has delivered to Mr. W. J. Atkinson, of Weston, near Spalding, a stone of potatoes of this variety, the subject of a claim of £2,000 on the County Council.

The stone of Eldorado potatoes were brought to Spalding on Monday and exhibited in the market, where they attracted a good deal of attention.

The potatoes, which were originally purchased by Mr. Atkinson for £14 14s., are now held to be worth £2,000.

NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

One hundred and thirty Roman Catholic pilgrims left London yesterday for the Holy Land.

The travellers wore small Jerusalem crosses in enamel, the official badge of the pilgrims, by a silver star, and almost everyone carried a kodak, a sun-hat, and a white umbrella.

At the entrance to the departure platform was placed the brightly-coloured banner of the pilgrimage, a handsome royal standard of embroidered silk, bearing the badge of Wales in the fourth quarter.

The labelling of baggage—which weighed many tons—took nearly an hour.

PLAIN-SPOKEN ADMIRAL.

Some good stories are coupled with the name of Sir John Fisher in "London Opinion." Once when a certain captain declared it was impossible for him to get his ship ready to leave by a certain date, as ordered, "Jacky" said briefly, "Tell him if he isn't ready on the day I'll have him towed."

Once Queen Victoria sent him home, and asked him to be specially attentive to the French Admiral Gervais, who was about to visit England. "I will kiss him—if your Majesty wishes it," said Fisher, solemnly, and ever afterwards the great Queen was his firm friend.

MOTOR-CAR NUMBERS.

Sent to the Garage Company for repairs, a motor-car belonging to Mr. George Edwardes was subsequently taken out for a trial spin with the company's number upon it. This led to a summons, heard at the West London Police Court.

The magistrate, Mr. Lane, said that the dealer in motor-cars was only entitled to affix his number to (1) the manufacturer's own cars sent out after completion on trial; and (2) cars on trial by an intending purchaser. The dealer's privilege did not extend to cars on trial for testing repairs. However, the company's servants had acted in good faith, and so the summons would be dismissed.

OUR DIPLOMATIST KING.

When a monarch goes abroad, his visit is usually either rightly or wrongly given some political significance. This has been the case with the visit of King Edward to Denmark, and to his Majesty must be ascribed much of the credit due to the important negotiations which have been in progress, and which are to result in the conclusion of a new treaty between Great Britain, Russia, and Denmark.

Like the late Queen, the King has a decided leaning towards diplomacy, and from his mother he learnt much and inherited more of her tact and knowledge of men and things. Her late Majesty exercised a widespread influence towards the maintenance of peace and the preservation of neutrality.

A great deal of the credit of the newly-concluded Anglo-French agreement is really due to the King, for although he cannot participate in any way, his private influence is enormous, and he is in every sense of the word a wise and far-seeing ruler.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-DAY, at 3 and 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED, by Henry Arthur Jones.
Preceded at 3.30 and 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
TO-DAY, at 8.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.
LAST NIGHT, TO-NIGHT, at 9.
MR. LEWIS WALLER in
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
By Sydney Grundy.
Preceded, at 8.15, by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
TO-MORROW (THURSDAY) EVENING, at 8.30, will
be acted, for the first time.

"SATURDAY TO MONDAY."

An Irresponsible Comedy in Three Acts.
By Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce.
FIRST MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, April 20, at 2.30.
Box-office open 10 to 8. Tel. 3083. Ger.-St. JAMES'S.

STRAND THEATRE. Proprietor and Man-
ager, MR. FRANK CURZON. A CHINESE HONEY-
MOON (8 o'clock), by George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—Proprietor, Sir
CHARLES WYNDHAM. Sole Lessee and Manager,
FRANK CURZON. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, Miss TINA
MOLESWORTH presents Ronald Macdonald's Play, THE
SWORD OF THE KING. MAT. on SAT., at 2.30.

THE OXFORD.—R. G. KNOWLES, HARRY
RANDALL, GEORGE ROSEY, George Lushwood,
GUS ELEY, The McNaughtons, HARRY LAUDER, the
Polinski, Fanny Fields, and hosts of other stars.—Open 7.30.
SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.
Manager—MR. ALBERT GILMER.

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The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION
EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES.

If a Man Will Not Work, Neither Shall He Eat.

Dirt has been defined as matter in the
wrong place. Using the same metaphor we
might describe the problem of the unem-
ployed as that of human beings in the wrong
place. When you inquire of men loafing at
street corners or asking the price of a meal
from the most benevolent-looking by-passers,
why they are not at work, they will answer
in the spirit, if not in the phrase, of the
parable: "Because no man hath hired us." In
many cases the reason is quite different.
We will deal with these cases presently. But
there are, it is true, always a certain number
of men in London and in most other great
cities who are idle merely because there is
no demand on the spot for their services.

It has often been proposed, and now and
then been attempted, to deal with these cases
by establishing labour yards, in which every
man willing to eat his bread in the sweat of
his brow should be given the opportunity to
do so. But this is at best a clumsy expedient.
To begin with, the work provided has to be
work which does not really press to be done.
If it did it would be undertaken in the ordi-
nary way of business. Secondly, this leads to
slackness. When you set men to a task
merely for the sake of giving them something
to do, only the very exceptional man puts any
heart into it. Thirdly, you have to fix the
rate of wage very low, or else you attract
people from other employments. And,
fourthly, you discourage the faint spark of
enterprise which may be still alight in the
breast of the seeker after work by letting him
feel that he can always get this job of stone-
breaking or whatever it may be, without any
trouble or effort.

A far better plan would be, instead of pro-
viding makeshift labour on the spot, to pro-
vide the labourer to places where work was
really waiting to be done. This is, in effect,
what "General" Booth proposes to do with
the unemployed. With the immense resources
and world-wide organisation of the Sal-
vation Army, he will offer them the chance of
going to Canada, to Africa, to South America
—anywhere that offers a field for honest en-
deavour and a fair return for steady toil.
"Here," says the optimist, "is the whole un-
employed question settled at a blow." But

wait a while, good optimist. You are assum-
ing not only that there are plenty of available
spots on the earth's surface for dumping our
surplus population (which is a fair assump-
tion), but also that the surplus population
will consent to go to them.

This brings us back to our consideration
of the cases in which men are unemployed
either because they prefer to be idle or be-
cause they are, literally, unemployable. There
is little doubt that these cases form the
vast majority. Even if you can induce
all the willing-to-work to emigrate (which
will not be easy, for emigration is out of
fashion, and most people prefer "the ills they
know" to flying to "others which they know
not of")—even if you can do this, you still
have to deal with the enormous numbers of
the won't-work-at-any-price variety. The
only way to treat them would be to gather
them together in farm colonies on the Sal-
vation Army plan, and make them support
themselves by their labour. Supposing they
did not produce enough to fill their bellies,
they would go hungry. No sympathy ought
to be wasted on drones. "If a man will
not work neither shall he eat" should be the
motto of the modern State. Every member
of the community ought to be made to justify
his existence somehow or other.

The vast growth of modern cities and the
divorce of labour from the land, to which, in
a less complicated state of society, it would
remain naturally wedded, present us with a
problem different from any of those with
which previous ages have had to grapple.
New difficulties call for new remedies. We
ought to set ourselves to find them, and any-
one who offers a suggestion with the experi-
ence and enthusiasm of "General" Booth
ought to be attentively listened to.

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

THE PAINS OF DEATH.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)
The doctor's diary of death which you publish
to-day may tend further to alarm people whose fear
of their last hour haunts them all their lives. Let
me say that it is very seldom indeed that disolu-
tion is attended by such sensations as Dr. Truex
described.

Most people die quietly and easily—pass from
a state of unconsciousness into the Great Beyond
without a pang or an effort. I have seen hundreds
die from all kinds of diseases and accidents, and
only in one case can I recall anything like the
struggle Dr. Truex made. A DOCTOR.
Weilbeck-street, W., April 12.

COURTING IN CHURCH.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)
Of course young people court in church. Why
not? All it amounts to in the church I know most
about is holding one another's hands during the
sermon, singing from the same hymn-book, and

so on. The poor things are very likely unable to
do their love-making at home, and I am sure the
good God will not look upon their devotions with
any less favour because they make them in com-
pany. Don't let us discourage the few young men
who do still continue to go to church.
Kensington, April 12. SIDESMAN.

LACK OF PARENTS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)
I see that there is a panic about the scarcity of
babies in Australia. Why? The scarcity is a per-
fectly natural result of the materialistic teaching of
the age.
You persuade people that material success in life
(i.e., money) is everything—that nothing else mat-
ters. Naturally they are not going to handicap
themselves with families at their start in life. The
days when young married people had children as a
matter of course, and went on having children, were
the days when the ideal of the family was set higher
than the ideal of selfish wealth, when Duty and
Responsibility were inculcated, and when the ac-
tion of life was something more than mere Pleasure
gained with as little trouble as possible.
Aylesbury, Bucks. EDWARD MORETON.

LOAFERS IN THE PARKS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)
Yesterday was a beautiful day, and as a result
the Green Park in Piccadilly was crowded with
unkempt, unwashed, degenerate tramps.
These individuals, lying hog-like on the green in
the sun, or seated on the benches, are a great
danger to the more respectable portion of the
public. The parks cost the ratepayers over a hun-
dred thousand pounds a year to keep up. They
are intended for the rich as well as the poor.
They are primarily intended for the recreation
of the decent citizen. They were not contrived for
the use of the wastrel, the dirty, and the obviously
diseased. I saw a nursemaid with two children on
a seat side by side with a man who was very cer-
tainly innocent of the value of water as used ex-
ternally on the human body. He was a repulsive
object, who had most plainly as little idea of work-
ing as he had of washing. One need not be snob-
bish in this connection; the danger is a very de-
finite one to all Londoners. There is neither need
nor excuse for dirt.
Junior Carlton Club, April 12.

"SLOTS FOR STAMPS."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)
If you deem the following idea practicable, and
would see the public opinion of same, I should be
pleased.

At most of the post offices in the suburbs the sale
of stamps is limited to 8 p.m., and on Sundays one
must go to the "general" of the district should
they not have a stock on hand. Could not the Post
Office have some automatic arrangement to all
post offices and pillar-boxes, where people could, by
putting a penny in the slot, have their letter
stamped, either with an embossed stamp or one
similar to those used by the G.P.O. for prepaid
circulars, etc.? This arrangement could be ex-
tended, say, by allowing banks and large whole-
sale houses to have similar machines, and the Post
Office to collect periodically the money.
This arrangement, of course, not to be in working
order until after 8 p.m. at the post offices or pillar-
boxes. It would be no trouble to set in action, as
at the pillar-boxes a collection is generally made at
that time, so the postman could do the trick there.
I should suggest that only penny stamps be used
with these machines, and feel sure they would soon
pay for the outlay.
I am writing the Postmaster-General.
DESIDERATUM.



THE BEASTLY-FEEDER-IN-A-RESTAURANT BEAST.

"LA POUPEE" REVIVED.

Miss Edna May as the Doll-
Heroine at the Prince
of Wales's.

There is, indeed, life in the old doll yet, if one
is to judge from yesterday's delightful revival of
"La Poupée" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.
Some, doubtless, were present in the audience yester-
day who were there at the first night of this
charming little opera. Mr. Willie Edouin and Mr.
Norman Salmond were there, at any rate, on the
other side of the footlights, and are there still—
Mr. Norman Salmond to give his own peculiar and
saving dignity to the "jovial monk" who cannot
answer for his feet when Alesia begins to sing, and
Mr. Willie Edouin to dispense the inefable
humours of the toy-maker, Hilarius.
During the seven or eight years that have passed
since "La Poupée" was produced those humours
have become not only household words but house-
hold actions. Mr. Edouin's famous phrase, "Alone
I did it!" has become imbedded in the English
language. His little squeak and whisk of the coat-
tails has been adopted in a modified form by every
managing director who wishes to impress himself
upon the office boy. His three-paces-and-drop-one
walk has become a haunting habit of the pavement.
None the less, all these things seemed yesterday
as fresh and as infinitely funny as ever. It is the
secret of the real comedian. The old jokes seem
cut-and-dried enough in the recollection, but Mr.
Willie Edouin has but to arrive and glance upon
the audience with his bold brown eye and one
laughs as if one had never laughed before.

A Triumph for Miss May.

At last night's revival, however, it was not
merely a welcoming back of old friends to old
parts. The event that will probably bring back
to the Prince of Wales's every lover of "La
Poupée" is the appearance of Miss Edna May
in the part of the doll. Of her performance one can
say this, that if only she had been the original
doll she would have created a sensation as great
as ever she did in "The Belle of New York."
Little trill that has given such a vogue to her
singing, she is the most natural, yet at the same
time dolly, doll of any of the several ladies who
have appeared in the part. She is just what a
doll ought to be, and what it would want to be
if it were capable of wanting.
On the other hand, it so happens that we have
been used to the part done after a jerky, burlesque
sort of fashion that Miss Edna May is really too
graceful to achieve. In short, Miss Edna May
just enhances the charms instead of the humours
of the piece—and one cannot but feel that she is
quite right, considering how safe and sufficient
those humours are in the hands of Mr. Willie
Edouin.

Indeed, one doubts not if in time to come people
will forget all about the other methods of playing
"La Poupée"—all about even the little Parisian
actress who first took the part—and will declare
that there is only one "La Poupée," and that is
Miss Edna May. Perhaps Mr. Courtice Pounds is
not quite surpassed in blandness by his successor
in the part of the novice—Mr. Roland Cunning-
ham. But Mr. Cunningham is refined and hand-
some, and has a beautiful voice, and makes love
to perfection.

LATE KING OF SERBIA'S PROTEGE.

Miss Yvonne Lamon, who owes her introduction
to the stage to the late King Alexander of Serbia,
makes her debut in London at Bechstein Hall to-
morrow. The Serbian monarch met her in Vienna,
and, being struck with her talents, had her trained
for the profession.

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

CIGARS AT SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Action for Libel by a Somersetshire Vicar.

A libel action arising out of a statement that cigars and cigarettes had been distributed to Sunday school scholars as an inducement to them to attend came before Mr. Justice Lawrence and a special jury yesterday, the plaintiff being the Rev. R. Lowman Lang, vicar of Rockwell Green, Wellington, Somerset, and the defendants the proprietors of the "Daily Mail" and Wm. Charles Hill.

Dr. Blake Odgers, K.C., who appeared for the plaintiff, said the libel complained of appeared in the "Daily Mail" on October 2 last year, and it imputed to the vicar that children in the Sunday-school were bribed to attend by having presents of cigars and cigarettes made to them. It was further alleged in the libel that this was done with the full knowledge and consent of the vicar, and that the distributions took place during service.

The plaintiff emphatically denied the truth of those allegations. Whilst taking an important part in the affairs of the school, the vicar was not the superintendent, who was a gentleman named Hughes.

Teacher's Foolish Action.

The facts, counsel went on to say, were really these: There was a Mr. Wilmot, an old gentleman, who was a teacher in the Sunday-school. He had acted very foolishly. Mr. Wilmot took a senior Bible-class in a separate room from the ordinary Sunday-school. On a certain Sunday in June Mr. Wilmot, absolutely without the vicar's knowledge, gave the boys a cigar each. It was purely out of mistaken kindness. The cigar had no effect in increasing the attendance; as a matter of fact, the attendance diminished. In the following September Mr. Wilmot, again without the vicar's knowledge, gave the boys in his class a packet of cigarettes each. On that occasion two or three younger boys happened to be in the class.

These incidents came to the knowledge of Mr. Hill, a local newspaper correspondent, and he sent a report to the "Daily Mail." According to the paragraph which appeared the cigars and cigarettes had been given away with the knowledge and consent of the vicar.

On October 3, Dr. Odgers added, the "Daily Mail" inserted a paragraph to the effect that the vicar had stated that what was done was without his consent, that he strongly objected, and that no boy attended this particular class until he was sixteen years old. The paragraph went on: "The practice may now be considered at an end, owing to the vicar's strong objection."

The plaintiff was called, and in his evidence stated that he had been bombarded with abusive letters, and told that he deserved the contempt of all honest men. The libel was copied into a great many newspapers, and got as far as Chicago and to British Columbia.

One Boy Felt Ill.

Cross-examined by Mr. Rufus Isaacs, the plaintiff admitted that when it got known in the parish that "something was to be given away" there was for one Sunday a much larger attendance at the school. That was the Sunday after the cigarettes were given away. Otherwise the attendance fell off. One boy complained that the cigar had made him ill. So far as he knew he attended the school on the following Sunday.

The judge: He had had a week to get over it. Mr. Isaacs: You do not claim special damages, do you? but you have done very well in the way of money, have you not?

Plaintiff: I would rather not have had the bother than have the money. The money is a secondary consideration.

In answer to further questions, plaintiff admitted that he had received ten guineas and costs from the "Star," twenty-five guineas and costs from the "North Devon Journal," and twenty-five guineas and costs from the "Illustrated Police News." Nothing was received from the "Globe," except a letter of apology. His solicitor wrote the "Globe" that if ten guineas were sent the matter would drop. He added: "I can tell you that £500 would not have settled it with the 'Globe' had they originated the libel. They copied it."

The only writ issued was against the "Daily Mail," the plaintiff added. Mr. Hill had since apologised to him, but only mildly.

Postscript Comment.

No evidence was called for the defence, and Mr. Bankes, in the course of his address to the jury, contended that the case was not one for large damages. It would, he said, be unfair to hold the "Daily Mail" responsible for what other papers had written about the matter. For example, the "Globe" had written this:—

Teacher, I'm so happy in my little Sunday-school. My pipe is drawing nicely and the mixture smoking good. And I find it very pleasant just to sit here blowing rings. While you give us your reflections on the Babylonian Kings.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with £250 damages.

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY to the Editor, photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. The photographs and sketches will be used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" for paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or train parcels should be used whenever possible.

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite Street, London.

LADY DENTIST'S OPPOSITION VENTURES.

Rivalry with Her Brother-in-Law Ends in a Libellous Advertisement.

A young lady smartly dressed in black, with a very winning smile, and very pretty white teeth showing themselves through the winning smile, took her seat yesterday in Mr. Justice Grantham's Court.

A whisper immediately ran round the court that she was a lady dentist; but this whisper was at first distrusted. How could such a fair apparition be guilty of inflicting pain on her fellow-creatures? It was not until the case of Eskell Paget v. Eskell Paget had been opened at some length that the whisper—which proved to be correct—was reconciled with what everybody knew must be the gentle nature of such a beautiful woman. Mrs. Eskell Paget—that was the lady's name—although a lady dentist, did not pull out teeth herself, it was stated. She was a lady dentist in so far, only, that she had been the presiding genius over an establishment where teeth were pulled out.

That she had been the head of such an establishment was in a great measure the reason of the



MRS. ESKELL PAGET, the lady dentist who has to pay £250 damages to her brother-in-law, also a dentist, for libel.

(Sketches in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

trouble that had brought her to court—a trouble which at the end of the day caused a verdict with £250 damages for libel to be recorded against her.

Mr. Montague Lush, K.C., who was leader on the opposite side, had to perform the duty of explaining how it was that Mrs. Eskell Paget became a lady dentist, and why her brother-in-law, Mr. Harry Louis Eskell Paget, was bringing an action for libel against her. To make matters quite clear, he retraced for some way back the history of the business affairs of the house of Eskell Paget, which, as everybody knows, is a noted name in dentistry.

Some years ago, he informed the Court, Mr. Harry Louis Eskell Paget and Mr. Edward Eskell Paget were joint proprietors of a dentistry business that possessed branches in the Strand, Ludgate-hill, and other principal thoroughfares. This business was, like so many other successful businesses, turned into a limited liability company.

Shortly after that event Mr. Edward Eskell Paget retired from the company, having bargained by agreement that he should never set up as a dentist again under the valuable style of Eskell Paget, or any other title that might be mistaken for it.

In the course of time the company was wound up, and Mr. Harry Eskell Paget once more established a business of his own with the old name.

Two "Original" Eskell Pagets.

Unfortunately for the family harmony Mr. Edward Eskell Paget did the same thing, and then a peculiar state of affairs obtained. In the West End there were two firms of dentists laying claim to be the real, original Eskell Paget.

A court of law decided that Mr. Edward must give way, and there was an injunction.

It was under these pathetic circumstances that London became possessed—for a brief space—of a lady dentist. Mrs. Eskell Paget came to the rescue of her husband. She acquired his business in her own name, and merely retained him in a minor position—to draw out the teeth, in fact.

But this act of wisely heroism on her part did not reconcile Mr. Harry to the anomaly of there being two Eskell Pagets in the field—even if one of them was a woman. Mrs. Eskell Paget was prosecuted at Bow-street for an infringement of the Dental Act, which does not recognise fair practitioners with the pliers, and was fined £5.

Even after this rebuff Mrs. Eskell Paget remained undaunted. She set up in the Strand—not far from Mr. Harry Eskell Paget's headquarters—an establishment which was called the "Somerset

BANKRUPT WITH NO CREDITORS.

Application was made to Judge Coventry, at Preston County Court, for the annulment of a bankruptcy.

It was intimated by the Official Receiver that all the creditors had disappeared, and, under the Act, it was necessary there should be a scheme of payment.

The Judge said if there were no creditors there could be no scheme, and refused the application.

Teeth Company, Limited," a title derived from the fact that it was next to Somerset House.

To this again Mr. Harry Eskell Paget objected. According to his counsel, he saw in "Eskell Paget's Teeth," a preparation sold under the shadow of Somerset House, another insidious attempt to share in his exclusive rights to the family trade-mark.

Matters came to a climax, and the present action was brought under the following circumstances:—Mrs. Eskell Paget took an upper floor office at 219, Oxford-street, and here organised a business for the acquiring of old false teeth.

A Deceptive Initial.

To induce people to sell her these second-hand teeth ostensibly, but really, Mr. Harry Eskell Paget contended, to annoy and damage him, Mrs. Eskell Paget put an advertisement in the "Daily Telegraph." This advertisement said that "H. Eskell Paget was prepared to give cash for old false teeth, at the Oxford-street address."

The particular sting in the advertisement, in Mr. Harry Eskell Paget's eyes, lay in the fact that everybody would suppose that he, Harry Eskell Paget, and not "Helena" Eskell Paget, was responsible for the announcement, and that he, the true Eskell Paget, was in the habit of acquiring old teeth to pass on to the mouth of other customers.

To make matters worse, in another advertisement Mrs. Eskell Paget reminded the public that "Eskell's" had been established for a hundred years.

The grief that the conduct of his relations and rivals in the dentistry world had caused him was earnestly depicted in the witness-box by Mr. Harry Eskell Paget, who is a learned-looking gentleman with a grey goatee beard and grey hair. He assured Mr. McCall, K.C., that he had never known his fair sister-in-law to be called by any other name except Georgiana or "Georgie." That



MR. H. ESKELL PAGET, a dentist, was awarded £250 damages yesterday against his sister-in-law, for advertising that he bought old false teeth.

(Sketches in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

her first name was Helena he did not remember, though he had been a trustee of her marriage settlement.

Ruin Would Ensnare.

With solemn emphasis he then declared that the insinuation that he got old teeth to fit on new patients would ruin his business.

Mrs. Eskell Paget took quite a different view of this matter when her turn came to go into the witness-box. Everybody would know, she said, that the teeth were bought in order that their gold settings might be melted down. The teeth themselves were never used again.

With regard to her correct designation, her first name was Helena. She commonly used her second name, Georgiana, in accordance with the usage of the Hebrew religion.

Mr. Justice Grantham: "H. Eskell Paget" is not your name, is it people call you Georgiana.

Mrs. Eskell Paget: I would not have used the name if I had thought it would bring all this trouble.

"A Fraud Upon the Public."

During his summing-up, Mr. Justice Grantham made some uncompromising allusions to certain phases of the working of the Married Woman's Property Act. The Act had been disgraced, he said, by being used to cover frauds perpetrated by husbands. The present case was one in which the wife had been made to drag herself through the mire, and disgrace herself in order to enable her husband to do that which the Act of Parliament prohibited. It was nothing more or less than a fraud upon the public.

After this strong expression of opinion from the Bench, the jury found a verdict for Mr. Harry Eskell Paget, assessing the damages at £250. They also found against Mrs. Eskell Paget's counterclaim for damages. She counter-claimed on account of "interference by her brother-in-law with her advertisements."

CHURCH BECOMES MUSEUM.

A church has been converted into a museum at King's Lynn, and is to be opened to-morrow under municipal control. Collections in the building include several zoological gifts from the King.

A suburban motorist has had to pull down his stable, as he found an ornamental stone sundial had been built into the gable upside down.

ROBBERY FOR LOVE.

Servant Girl Conceals a Sensational Story of Burglary.

Two very different versions have been given of a supposed burglary at the residence of Mr. Gustave Deroy, Hilgrove-road, South Hampstead. One was furnished by Elise Kosing, a German servant girl in Mr. Deroy's service; the other by a detective in the witness-box yesterday at Marylebone, where the girl was placed in the dock charged with stealing jewellery and clothing of the value of £100.

The girl's mistress said that she had been in her employ for two months. On Monday, at midday, Mrs. Deroy went out, and on her return two hours later she found the house in great disorder. All her jewellery and a large part of her wardrobe were missing.

She found the girl locked in the bathroom, and through the keyhole Kosing explained that a man had got into the house, tried to shoot her, and then pushed her into the bathroom. After the door had been forced open she repeated this story, and added that she first saw the man in her mistress's bedroom taking jewellery from a drawer.

She shouted out and ran down the stairs, and the man went after her. He got hold of her, showed her a revolver, and said he would shoot her if she shouted.

He then dragged her to the bathroom, pushed her in, and locked the door. After being in the house for about an hour, the man went out at the front door. She herself had lost her watch and chain.

Deserted by Her Sweetheart.

But the account given by Detective-Inspector Bower threw a very different light on the case. He told the magistrate that he had discovered that the missing property was sent in a hamper to a restaurant in Carnaby-street, W. The girl had been there on Sunday, and told the proprietor that her young man had left her and gone to Germany. She intended to follow him.

Further, when the inspector interviewed the prisoner, she admitted to him that her sensational story was an invention, and that she had stolen the missing property. She locked herself in the bathroom and threw the key out of the window. She took the property out of love for her young man, who had gone away.

The girl was given a good character as a hard-working and useful servant. A former lover of hers had gone to Baden-Baden, an inspector explained, and she had taken the property in order to raise the cash to go to him. "Not that he wanted to see her," the witness added, "for that was why he went away."

The prisoner was remanded.

LEFT A REVOLVER FOR HIS SON.

Strange Letter in the Lambeth Drugging Case.

George Hallam, the Camberwell druggistman, who is charged with administering a drug to his two young children in an empty flat, again appeared on remand at Lambeth Police Court.

One of the first witnesses called was his son, George E. Hallam, a private in the Devonshire Regiment. He deposed to receiving a telegram, which read, "Come directly, serious," from his father on March 21. Witness returned home and saw Mr. Blakesley, a friend, who handed him a revolver and about fifty cartridges. His brother and sister were not at the house. On the following day Mr. Blakesley gave him a letter, worded as follows:—"Dear George—I cannot bear this longer. If you cannot live I leave you a revolver with cartridges. Do not kill Cochrane, but break his arm or knee-cap. Your mother is a wicked woman. Good-bye—Your father, George."

Inclosed was the following will:—

March 19, 1904.
The last and only will and testament of George Charles Hallam.
I will and bequeath whatever I possess to my son George Edward Hallam.
Signed:— George Charles Hallam.
H. Blakesley.
Charles Jones.

Witness, in reply to further questions, said Cochrane was a former lodger. His father was jealous of him. Accused and his sister and brother returned home on the Tuesday night, and all seemed half-dazed.

Detective-Inspector Badcock handed to the magistrate a letter found addressed to Hallam from his wife. Observing that he did not think it ought to be read until the case was before a judge, his worship ordered another remand.

STAGE-STRUCK GIRLS.

For the third time, the young man, Albert James McCarthy, was remanded at the South-Western Police Court charged with offences against girls who called to see him in answer to advertisements inviting applications for those anxious to go on the stage.

For the prosecution Mr. Fraying intimated that prisoner would be charged with forging the name of Mr. John Lawson, the music-hall artist.

Mr. Lawson, called, said he had never authorised the prisoner to advertise, or engage girls, but had seen letters written by the prisoner signed "John Lawson." These were impudent forgeries.

Mr. Thompson (defending): You haven't anything to complain of personally, have you?

Mr. Lawson: Yes, damage to my reputation, and there was always the possibility of some infuriated brother or friend of these girls shooting me.

Mr. Thompson: That would have been even more sensational than one of your music-hall sketches?

Mr. Lawson: Well, hardly that. (Laughter.) The case was again adjourned.

SANE OR INSANE?

Extraordinary Book About the Belgian King's Eldest Daughter.

PRINCESS'S SAD STORY.

The European Courts are greatly exercised about an amazing book which has just been published in Leipzig.

It has been written by Géza Mattachich, an ex-lieutenant of the Austrian Army, whose name has been for some years scandalously connected with that of Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg.

Princess Louise is the eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians, and is at present confined in a private lunatic asylum. Mattachich was court-martialled for having circulated documents bearing the Princess's signature, and sentenced to six years' imprisonment. He has been released, and now attempts in his book, which he calls his memoirs, to prove that Princess Louise is unjustly imprisoned.

Cynical Admission.

In his preface he says:—"I have not written this book to enrich sensational literature. I only want to relate the iniquities which have been committed against a defenceless woman and myself. For the truth of my statements I take the entire responsibility." He is handicapped in his defence by saying, "What madness has the Princess shown to qualify her for incarceration in a lunatic asylum? She has broken her marriage vows and got into debt—nothing else."

Here, of course, is a cynical view of the question of the relations between morality and sanity, which do not, however, affect the main issues. Is Princess Louise sane or insane? Her history, if one may believe Mattachich, is a sad one. When six years old, her mother, the Belgian Queen, gave her a confidential letter to deliver to a Court official.

The King's Dislike.

The King met her in a corridor, demanded to see the letter, and because she refused to show it took a dislike to her which has never abated. She was, as a young girl, married to Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, against her will. The marriage proved unfortunate, and for some years Princess Louise's name was bandied about Europe in connection with intrigues and debts.

These follies, insists Mattachich, are the sole causes why Princess Louise has been deprived of her rights and compelled to live, in full possession of her faculties, among mad people.

M. Henri de Noussanne, a French journalist, has been living in Germany for the express purpose of finding out whether the Princess is insane or not. From the evidence he has obtained from witnesses and personal observation, he declares that the Princess is not mad, never has been mad, and only asks for her liberty.

Secret Investigations.

M. de Noussanne last week telegraphed to Mattachich asking him to go to Dresden secretly and make inquiries. Mattachich did so, and has sent the following letter as the result of his investigations:—"Since I have been here, Lindenhoff"—the sanatorium where the Princess is living—"has been surrounded by police. The Princess is not allowed to go outside in walks. Dr. Pierson, who was away on a holiday, has been suddenly recalled to make a fresh examination of the state of the Princess's health. Under these circumstances it is better that I should leave Dresden, so that the prisoner may be able to leave Lindenhoff."

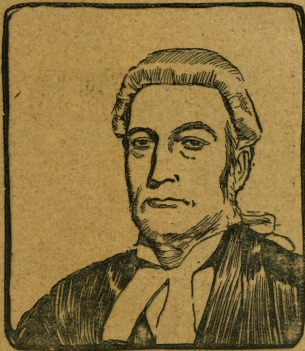
JUDGE'S POCKET PICKED.

Mr. Justice Grantham Relieved of £20 in Notes and Gold.

The audacity of the British thief is colossal. One of these gentry quietly picked the pocket of no less a person than Mr. Justice Grantham to the tune of £20.

Undeterred by the fate which had befallen other malefactors who have appeared before the learned Judge, he not only committed the robbery in that awe-inspiring presence, but actually chose the Judge himself as his victim.

Sir William was returning from Rickmansworth, where he had been judging at the Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechases. While mounting



MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM was hustled in a crowd at Baker-street Railway Station, and robbed of £20 in notes and gold.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

the steps from Baker-street Station, he was somewhat roughly hustled in the crowd, and when he got home he found his purse, containing three £5 Bank of England notes and £5 in gold, was missing.

He immediately communicated with the police, and advised his bank that the notes, of whose numbers he fortunately had a memorandum, had been stolen.

At present the thief has not been discovered.

VANISHING VOLUNTEERS.

Commanding Officer Takes an Optimistic View.

The annual report on the British Army just issued by the War Office shows that there has been a lamentable decrease in the auxiliary forces during the last nine months. The Militia and Militia Reserve are 80,000 men below their normal strength, while the Volunteers are 92,233 men short of their establishment. A representative of the *Mirror* interviewed a commanding officer who has for

THE NEW JINRIKSHA MAN.



"Russia does not regard Korea as a belligerent."—War News.

[From the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle."]

many years thrown his heart and soul into the Volunteer movement.

He took a cheerful view of the situation. "You must remember," he said, "that the present establishment of the Volunteers is not a normal one. During the late war large numbers of men joined the various battalions, and the Government took the opportunity of raising the establishment."

"Since peace was declared most of these men have resigned. Personally, I do not think they are much loss to the force. The Volunteers have never on a peace footing numbered many over 250,000. They are therefore at present in about their normal state."

"As far as the new regulations are concerned," the officer went on to say, "I don't think a Volunteer is worth his uniform if he can't conform to the present requirements of the service. We have been grumbling for years because the authorities would not treat us like regulars, and now they show some inclination to do so we grumble still more."

The Militia, he thought, were largely affected by the expansion and development of the Yeomanry. Men were not likely to serve in dull Militia camps at a "bob" a day when they could stalk about in gorgeous Yeomanry uniforms and receive 5s. a day.

QUEER VIEWS OF THE JAPS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MOSCOW, April 6.

The patriotic enthusiasm of a number of gentlemen of Kuank led to the formation of the first debating societies in Russia. On Sunday evenings the peasants are invited to gather in the schoolhouses or in the open-air, and listen to popular lectures on the war, after which they are asked to express their own views.

The peasants' views, though peculiar, are, however, no more so than those of some of their instructors. One lecturer, for instance, declares that the Japanese are so poor that most of them live in holes in the ground, and that flocks of unclothed Japanese peasants may be seen on all fairs browsing on the grass in the fields.

The Japanese, says this lecturer, never give quarter. If prisoners of war fall into their hands by chance they cut them open, stuff them with salt, and impale them on sticks.

TRIBUTES TO A JUDGE.

Tributes to the memory of the late Mr. Justice Byrne fell from the lips of High Court Judges yesterday.

In the Chancery Division, Mr. Justice Kekewich said:—"The profession and the public have alike suffered a severe loss in the death of my brother Byrne. Elsewhere and on other occasions we may think and speak of him as the head of a family, or the Member of Parliament. Here we must dwell only on Byrne the junior, Byrne the K.C., Byrne the Judge. In all these characters he achieved distinction such as falls to the lot of only a few."

Tributes were also paid by Mr. Justice Buckley and Mr. Justice Farwell, the latter of whom said: "If I might venture to criticise him at all, he was over-anxious. This over-anxiety was due to his desire to do his duty to the public."

In four days no fewer than seventeen cases of suicide have been investigated by the various London coroners.

MUNICIPAL "UNCLE."

Pawnbrokers Not Alarmed at the Prospect of Official Competition.

Municipal pawnshops are being strongly advocated by corporations whose districts are densely populated by the poorer classes. The Stepney Board of Guardians has had the matter under consideration, and Southwark is now discussing the question.

It is felt by certain of the authorities that a system of State-governed pawnshops would do much

JOHN BULL'S PURSE.

How Some People Would Like To Fill It.

HINTS FOR THE BUDGET MAKER.

John Bull's bothersome Budgets have to be faced once a year, and the weary look on the face of Mr. Austen Chamberlain just now is not relieved when he regards the hundreds of amateur fiscal schemes which daily overflow his waste-paper basket.

"Tax unpunctual railway trains," writes one genius; "you could get £100,000 a year out of the South-Eastern and Chatham Company alone. Railways are for the convenience of the public. Time is money to the passenger; therefore, if railway unpunctuality was taxed, the National Exchequer would immediately benefit and the citizen would have the consolation of knowing that his money so lost would ultimately indirectly be refunded to him."

Tax Foreigners.

It is estimated that there are 500,000 Italians, Frenchmen, and Spaniards organ-grinders in the United Kingdom. Why not compel each to take out a license costing ten shillings a year?

In 1871 Mr. Lowe proposed that every box of matches sold should pay a halfpenny tax. A great outcry was raised, and the matter was shelved indefinitely. A suggestion that has often been seriously considered, to tax every man who professes to be, or is, a trade unionist, would probably meet with the same fate.

It is argued that trade unionists receive very good wages, and that an impost of five shillings a year would never be missed by any one of them. Such a tax, considering the many thousands of trade unionists, would materially add to the national income.

Tax Theatres.

Indirect taxation is as heavy as direct. Many would like to see theatres and music-hall goers taxed. Galleryrites could be mulcted in one halfpenny for each seat taken, and a sliding scale could be in vogue until, say, two shillings had been taken from a box-holder.

This would be a just and equal tax and would never be felt by either the galleryrite or the occupant of the box, and an enormous revenue would result.

"Deadheads" would not be exempt under this arrangement, for seats might be so constructed that it would be impossible to sit down anywhere until a spring had been released by placing a coin in a slot.

"Nothing is sacred to the camera fiend. Tax him." This is another brilliant suggestion that would bring in a pile of money to the national coffers.

Despite every effort to abolish betting, bookmakers still exist. Why not admit that they are a necessary evil, and tax bookmakers, also requiring that every betting voucher issued by them should bear a penny stamp?

Tax Babies.

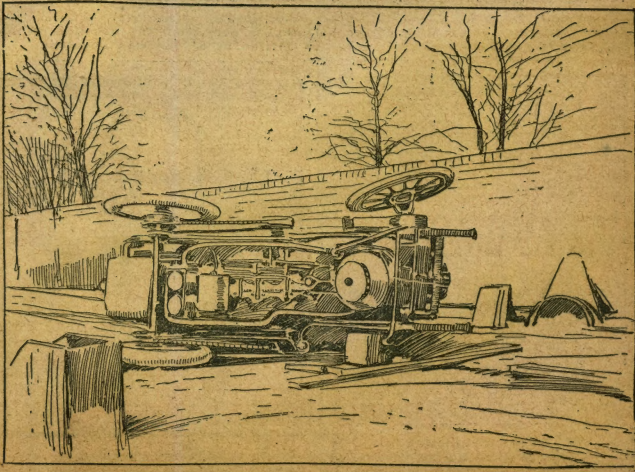
Bachelors, spinsters, aliens, babies, people with double and treble-barrelled names, billiard tables, and cats are every year suggested as a means to increase the national revenue. Many argue that perambulators and mail-carts should be licensed, on the ground that those who can afford to buy these infant conveyances can afford to pay 5s. or 7s. 6d. yearly for them on the same principle that anyone who can afford to buy and keep a dog can manage somehow to take out a licence for their pet.

In George III.'s reign a tax was imposed on funerals. There are those who think such a levy should be re-introduced. Then many would tax all kinds of hunts and everything that is amateur, especially actors.

Sixty-two years ago Sir Robert Peel successfully introduced the income-tax to make good a deficit in the year's expenses. Whatever else has come and gone since then income-tax has remained a national institution.

A strange way of taxing the nation in the last century was an impost on gloves. For a short time, too, hats were taxed, and also finger rings. Playing cards had to pay duty, too; but once, when it was proposed to tax dice and dominoes, John Bull went into a paroxysm of rage, and put his foot down firmly.

CAUSED BY SLIPPERY TRAM-LINES.



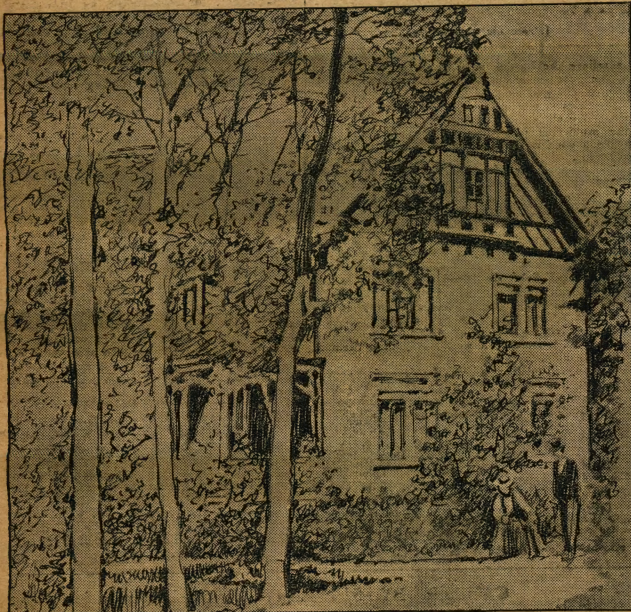
Slippery tram-lines are one of the motorist's greatest dangers. A car skidded on the tram-lines between Kingston and Hampton Court, with this serious result. [Drawn from a photo taken by a "Mirror" Eye Witness.]

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MORMON MISSIONARIES WHO

PRINCESS SAID TO BE INSANE.



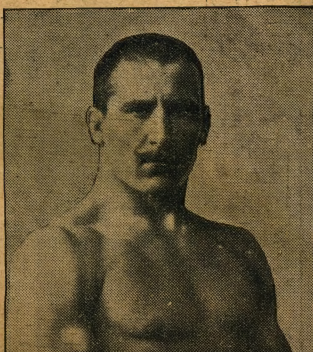
Princess Louise, the eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians, is confined in a private lunatic asylum near Dresden. An Austrian lieutenant has written a book in which he declares the Princess to be sane, and the question will probably be reinvestigated by the courts.



Lindenhoff, the private lunatic asylum near Dresden, where Princess Louise, the eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians, is confined. The question of her sanity has been reopened by a book written by an Austrian lieutenant.



GEZA MATTACHICH, an ex-lieutenant of the Austrian Army, has written an extraordinary book, in which he declares that Princess Louise is only imprisoned owing to the scandal connecting her name with his own.



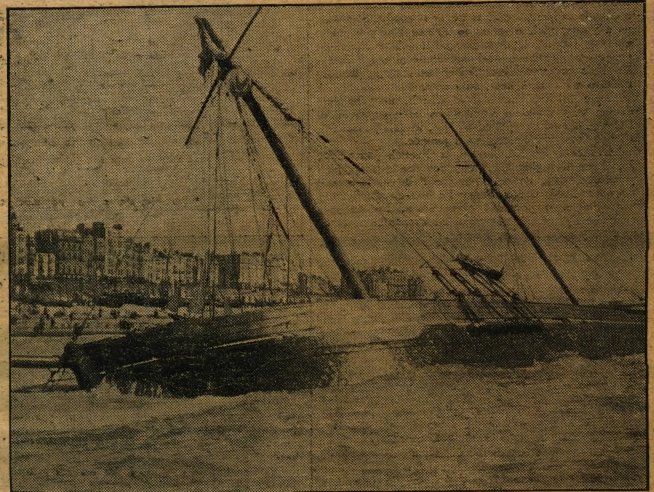
ERNEST SIEGFRIED, who is to wrestle George Lurich at the Alhambra to-morrow. Siegfried is considered the finest wrestler in Germany, and a stiff fight is expected.

MORMON BAND OF MISSIONARIES.



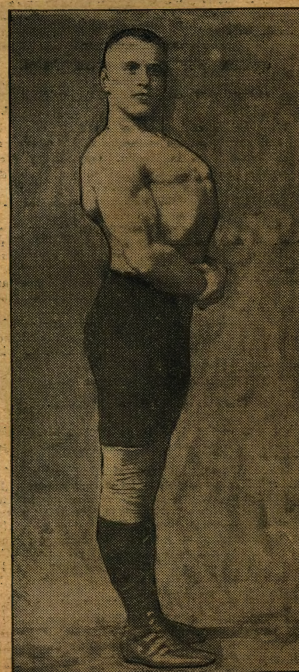
The Mormon missionaries, who are attempting to convert England to their faith. In the centre is Miss Violet Elliott. On her left is Mr. E. Snow, President of the Mormon Church in England. On her right is Mr. T. Cannon, one of the many grandsons of Brigham Young. [Conolly and Graham, Photo by]

WRECKED ON BRIGHTON BEACH.



The Antelope, a two-masted trading vessel, has gone ashore on the Brighton beach. She lies opposite the parade, between the two piers, and is attracting crowds of sightseers. The hull is submerged at high water.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN WRESTLER.



George Lurich, who throw Hackenschmidt five years ago, is to wrestle Siegfried at the Alhambra to-morrow.

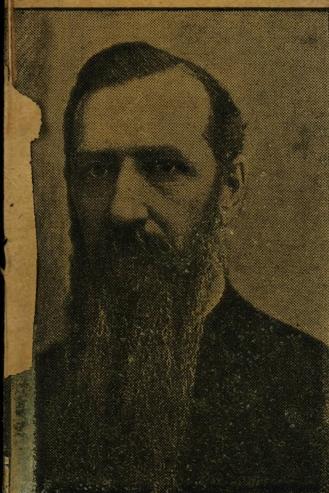
A CHARMING PARISIAN.



Mademoiselle Liane de Vries is considered to be a French actress, a reputation which is fully borne out by her photograph of her.

ARE ATTEMPTING TO MAKE CONVERTS IN LONDON.

ARCH POLYGAMIST.



Joseph F. Smith, President of the Mormon Church. He has five wives and forty-two children. [Conolly and Graham.

A WOMAN MORMON.



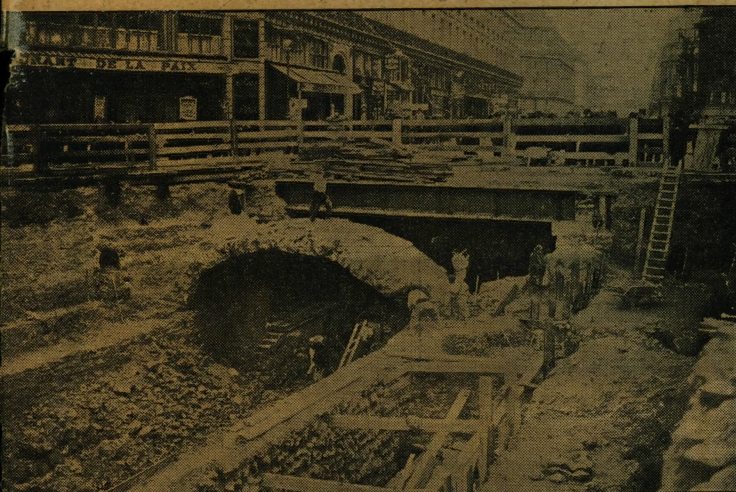
Miss Violet Elliott, the lady missionary of Mormonism from Salt Lake City, who hopes to win over the women of this country. [Conolly and Graham.

A "LA POUPÉE" FAVOURITE.



Mr. Willie Edouin reappeared last night as Hilarus, his well-known part in "La Poupée," which was revived at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. Miss Edna May is playing his daughter, Alesia. [W. and D. Downey.

PARIS IS ALSO "UP."



The famous Cafe de la Paix, in Paris, is rather obstructed just now by the workmen, who are building the third story of the Metropolitan underground station. Parisians say that all the world is to be seen at this famous spot if only one waits long enough. [Ch. Delius, Paris.

N ACTRESS.



One of the most beautiful of the actresses of the Parisian stage, as set by this charming photograph. [Rentlinger, Paris.

A DETERMINED "PASSIVE RESISTER."



Mr. W. A. Parker, of Sutton, has twice undergone imprisonment rather than pay the education rate, of which he disapproves. On his release from Wandsworth Gaol to-morrow he will be met at the prison gate by the National Passive Resistance Committee. [Salmon and Sons.

DESTINED FOR THE SOUP PLATE.



The aldermanic mouth is watering just now at the thought of the turtle soup promised by this splendid collection of turtle, which have been received in London. The arrivals are doubly welcome, for a turtle famine had been predicted.

PRISON FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.



The first time Mr. Parker went to prison for refusing to pay the education rate he was photographed as he left Wandsworth Gaol at the end of his seven days' sentence. At the moment he was receiving an invitation to breakfast from a Church Army missionary.

MILLINERY AND HAIR.—CHARMING SKETCHES BY MISS HOARE.



Depicted above are three delightful pieces of headgear. The hat on the extreme left is one of tea-coloured chip, draped with ficelle lace, run through with pale blue velvet ribbon, and at the left side plumed with one blue ostrich feather and a single tea-coloured one. In the centre a morning toque of oat-brown Yedda straw is shown, adorned with a bunch of cowslips, through which a big flat bow of brown velvet is thrust. Thirdly, there is a lovely cream lace straw toque, crumpled up in the marquis manner, with festoons of big pink roses and a black bow upon it.

WHO MAKE THE BEST HUSBANDS?

A VERY SERIOUS QUESTION FOR GIRLS TO CONSIDER.

I asked that question once of a girl who was very devoted to her own way, and always vowed she would not marry, because a man would be such a drawback to one's amusement.

"Who make the best husbands?" she answered. "Why, men in the Navy, I should say, because they go away on three years' voyages."

But that is an opinion that probably few other women are prepared to echo.

We don't, as a rule, prefer those husbands of whom we see as little as possible; and my giddy little friend might have been told that if that was her object in getting a husband, she would be still better off without one at all.

The Busy-Body Husband is a Nuisance.

Yet, on the other hand, I think wives will agree with me that a husband may be at home too much. I mean that the man who is always about the house, and never goes out for his work or his interests, is apt sometimes to prove a little trying. He sees too much of the working of things—in fact, household matters are mysteries, in their details, to men, and it is only the finished and completed result that appeals to them. They are too apt, when they are much at home, to interest themselves in things in which they have no real concern, and think they can improve on the order of affairs.

So the best husbands are generally those who leave their households a little to themselves, and who have not a talent for meddling.

Reliable Props Wanted.

Then a good husband should have a good temper.

Nothing so sets the wheels of home jarring as a bad-tempered man. He is the irritant that sets everything wrong, and makes everybody miserable. The woman who is married to a drunkard is the most to be pitied of any woman that lives, but if she has a sister in adversity, it is the wife with a thoroughly ill-tempered husband.

A good husband must be considerate, and ready, in some degree, to put himself into his wife's place. He must remember that she is weaker than himself, and that many of the cares and troubles that seem to him foolish are heavy burdens and real trials to her. He must look upon his wife as something more than just the woman who keeps his house and orders his dinners; he must bring some of the romance and poetry of his courtship days into his married life and keep it there.

He should be proud of his wife, and fond of her, and like her company better than that of anyone else. He should study her little tastes and fancies, not laugh at them. He should think it a greater pleasure to give her pleasure than to secure it for himself; and he should treat her with the respect

he used to show her when they were engaged, and she was an angel—not with the mild contempt which is some men's way of showing their affection for the wife of their bosom.

I often think a man with sisters is likely to make a better husband than one whose only relations with women have been of a more distant kind. Sisters and brothers do each other a world of good often, and teach each other how the opposite sex ought to be treated.

Where Good Husbands Are Trained.

But, above all, to make a good husband, a man ought to have had a good mother. Not only is she the standard by which he measures other women, but his treatment of her is generally the key to his treatment of his wife, and it is to her early training

NEW COIFFURES.

A SUGGESTION FROM THE JAPANESE.

Two of the latest vogues in hairdressing are shown in the adjoining pictures; but a word of explanation is necessary to demonstrate their special charms.

Does the ondulée remain in fashion, or are straight, lank locks to be in demand this season? That is the question the country cousin asks. If we are to copy the Japanese, as the enthusiastic Americans now do, we shall brush our hair and burnish it, even to the extent of using a little grease on it; but we shall not wave it at all. This is the

the back, and the roll is outlined with an enormously long and almost straight comb. Gold combs, either jewelled or plain, are preferred. It is noticeable everywhere that the Parisienne approves most emphatically of the hair dressed on high, instead of the low dressing which never prospers long in France.

TATTOOING FOR LADIES.

The stupid custom of tattooing is now being taken up by many ladies of position. Professor Burchett, the tattooing expert, says the number of his lady customers is steadily increasing.

"Ladies generally have small love designs and regimental crests and badges on the upper part of the arm. One lady recently, for instance, had a



Quite the latest models in hairdressing are illustrated here. On the right is shown a front view of the coiffure with the depression in the centre that is the hall-mark of fashion; and on the left is to be noticed a back view, illustrating one of the long combs now the mode in Paris.

that he will owe his whole future attitude to the woman he marries.

I wonder how many mothers think of that when their boys are in the nursery? I wonder how many of them remember that they are training a future husband for some other woman, and that it rests greatly in their hands whether she is to be a happy wife or a miserable one?

If we all realised that, how much less should we hear of unhappy marriages and women dissatisfied with their lot! There is only one conclusion to the whole matter: the good mother makes the good son, and the good son makes, without the shadow of a doubt, the best husband.

way the up-to-date American is treating her hair now, and she is piling it over a great big halo-pad, in imitation of the little Jap ladies, to a ridiculous height.

In England the ondulée remains modish, but it is a careless ondulée, like a natural wave. The hair is in front dressed loosely in a roll and without a parting, and in the centre there is a distinct depression made, such as is plainly to be seen in one of the pictures.

Now, let Paris speak. The other sketch shows a fashion the French woman is favouring. The tresses are in that case twisted in a long roll up

large coloured snake placed round her right wrist. Frequently the fair sex have photographs of their husbands or lovers tattooed on the arm. A few weeks ago a young society lady even insisted upon having a skull and crossbones put on her arm, bringing the design in ivory with her.

Some ladies of pale complexion and with scantily-marked eyebrows pay to have their eyebrows tattooed so as to remedy Nature's defect, and also have a deeper rose-coloured complexion tattooed upon their cheeks. This will stand all the soap in the world, and is not noticeable in the slightest degree."

MY ENCOUNTER WITH A MATRIMONIAL AGENT

AN INTERESTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

By way of supplement to the disclosures published yesterday in the *Mirror* as to matrimonial agencies, we give to-day the actual experiences of a gentleman who, being in want of a wife, had the temerity to answer the advertisement of an alleged widow, who declared that she was possessed of £3,000 in cash and £450 a year.

Considerably to my surprise (he writes) the reply to my letter was as follows:—

Dear Sir,—Our client, Mrs. —, has seen a copy of your letter (minus the address), and wishes us to at once introduce you to her.

We will, therefore, keep the introduction specially open for you, providing you become our client per return.

As you will perceive by the enclosed circular, we charge £5 5s., to cover all expenses until marriage; but in your case, as there is a strong probability of your becoming engaged to this lady, we will only charge £2 2s., and on your remitting this sum we will at once proceed by placing you in communication with her.

Awaiting the favour of your reply, we remain, dear sir, yours faithfully.

Entire Confidence Required.

Enclosed in the letter was the following, cut evidently from a circular:—

If we should not arrange this particular engagement, you will have already gathered that there are several ladies equally desirable entered on the books of the agency, and selections of these we will judiciously introduce to you until you make a happy and advantageous marriage.

As you will understand, it is necessary before we can introduce a lady and gentleman to each other that both should be clients of the Agency, as the negotiations we undertake are of so delicate and private a nature that it would be impossible for us to offer our services to anyone who had not favoured us with that entire confidence which enables us, on our part, to introduce our lady and gentleman clients to each other with the fullest assurance.

We therefore propose that you honour us by becoming a client of the Agency on our usual terms, which, to a gentleman, are as follows:—

That you promise to pay us two and a half per cent. on the property of the lady you marry through our mediation, this payment being understood to fall due one month after marriage.

That you pay us a preliminary fee of £5 5s. (five guineas), in order that we may immediately register you as a client of this Agency, entitled to receive an unlimited number of introductions until marriage.

On your remitting the sum, and at the same time giving us the assurance that you will pay the fee due after marriage, we will proceed in your interests by placing you in communication by return of post with ladies answering your requirements in every respect.

Awaiting the favour of your reply, we remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully.

Enclosed also was the following form.

By filling up the following the Gentleman will assist the Principals in bringing about a Marriage the more exactly in accordance with his requirements.

Name	...
Address	...
Age	...
State whether bachelor or widower, and in the latter case, what insurance.	...
State whether independent, or in business or profession, and in the latter case, name and calling.	...
Total income (if any) from all sources.	...

DIRECTIONS RESPECTING THE LADY REQUIRED.

Age	...
Personally describe the lady desired, whether blonde or brunette, and what kind of figure admired most.	...
Say what accomplishments should lady possess, and what denomination of religion belong to.	...
Say whether spinster or widow preferred, and whether children objected to in latter case.	...
State approximate amount of income lady should possess, and whether it should be derived from business or from private property.	...

After a little consideration of the circular an idea struck me that it would be as well to see the firm

who wanted 2½ per cent. of my prospective wife's property.

Being ushered into a very untidy office, and announcing my business, Mr. A. informed me that the widow would "exactly suit me, and that I had better lose no time in making her acquaintance."

However, on going home I thought it best to do nothing for several days, and await results. They soon followed, as shown below:—

Dear sir,—We beg to advise you that Mrs. — is waiting to hear from you, and we trust you will not lose this opportunity, as ladies are apt to become impatient if not communicated with, and ask for other introductions.

On your remitting this sum we will at once place you in communication with Mrs. —.

Awaiting the favour of your reply, we remain, dear sir, yours faithfully.

"Free" and "Ordinary" Clients.

I replied that I never paid for goods except on delivery.

They answered as follows:

Dear sir,—In reply to your favour, we never proceed without receiving a fee in advance, as it is entirely against our rules to do so.

However, as we have Mrs. — still waiting, we will meet you half way.

That is to say, we will accept £1 ls. now, and £1 ls. on engagement, and on your remitting this sum we will at once place you in communication with her. Awaiting the favour of your reply, we remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully.

Taking their offer I foolishly remitted a guinea by P.O.O. and registered the letter. Next day I received the following:

Dear sir,—We are in receipt of your favour enclosing fee, for which we beg to thank you, and we have now entered you on our books as a client until marriage.

Will you kindly address the lady by her registered number in the first place?

In the same envelope the following were enclosed:—

Dear sir,—Herewith we send you our agreement, which we shall be pleased if you will kindly sign and return here. Or, if you prefer it, we have another system. By sending £5 5s. now you will render yourself a client free of all indebtedness to us after marriage.

If, on the other hand, you sign the agreement, we will enter you as an ordinary client, subject to the terms thereof, while should you, on the other hand, remit the £5 5s. in lieu, we will register you as a "free client," and per return of post will forward you our voucher certifying that the agency will have no claim upon you after marriage.

Awaiting the favour of your reply, we remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully.

A Solomon Undertaking.

The agreement was as follows:

IN CONSIDERATION of being introduced to, or put in correspondence with, a Lady, through the mediation of the PROPRIETOR of

of HEREBY AGREE to pay the said Proprietor, his executors or assigns, in the event of a marriage taking place between such Lady and myself, the sum of Ten Pounds within one month after my said marriage. AND I ALSO agree to pay the said Proprietor, his executors or assigns, Two and a Half per Cent, within one month after my said marriage, on the gross amount of value of all property exceeding Five Hundred Pounds such Lady may possess; and should such property, or any part thereof, be of a reversionary character of an annuity, then in that case the said Two and a Half per Cent. shall be calculated on the value thereof at the time of marriage, according to the Government reversionary or annuity tables. AND I further bind myself to pay to the said Proprietor, his executors or assigns, the like percentage on all further property such Lady may after marriage become entitled to, or receive by gift, will, reversion, annuity, or otherwise, or that I may obtain in consequence of such marriage; the said Two and a Half per Cent. to be paid within one month after such property has been received or become receivable by such Lady or myself. AND I bind myself, under a penalty of Twenty Pounds, to give to the Proprietor of THE AGENCY Notice, within one month, of my engagement or marriage; and also to pay the said Two and a Half per Cent. within one month after it falls due, and in case of non-payment of any sum or sums due under this agreement within three months of the time when the same becomes payable, then the whole shall be recoverable by the Proprietor of THE AGENCY as for liquidated damages.

AS WITNESS my hand this day of One thousand nine hundred and four.

I answered by saying that I had sent them what they asked, and should expect them to carry out their agreement. In the same letter I enclosed another to Mrs. —. The latter she evidently received, for in a few days arrived her answer, as follows:—

Dear Sir,—I received your letter through my agents, which I think is a most remarkable one to receive from a gentleman who aspires to win the hand of a lady. I am sorry I cannot continue to correspond with you, as I am corresponding with another gentleman. Thanking you for your letter, I beg to remain, yours truly,

Here followed her number, but no name.

It is plain that the agents had told "the widow" (a confederate, of course) that I was no good. My letter to her simply asked for a meeting to be arranged.

I'm wiser now, and have taken old Weller's advice, "Beware of widows," to heart.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST RETURNS FROM AMERICA.



Miss Marie Tempest is now on her way back to England from America. While driving a motor-car a few weeks ago she had a bad accident, but is now almost recovered. (from a photograph.)

CHURCHES AS MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES.

Numbers of correspondents have written to the *Mirror* to express their opinion and offer suggestions upon the subject of matrimonial agencies. "An Average Person" writes a vigorous letter. "I do not pretend," he says, "to know how to express my knowledge in a literary fashion, but I do pretend to know something of the evils you are pointing out, and for which Dr. Clifford and others through your columns suggested remedies."

"I am a middle-aged man, and have, as they say, knocked about and seen a bit of life. I am an ordinary, average person. And I don't agree in any way with Dr. Clifford's views or Mr. Carille's. People wouldn't put up with it. Young men and girls don't get married to order. And you may agency-ise as much as you like, but you will never prevent the right young man falling in love with the wrong girl, and vice versa."

Wants a Fairy Prince.

"It doesn't matter how old a woman is, or in what society she moves, she never loses the 'fairy prince' idea that pervades her mind in her teens. You don't get fairy princes by advertisement or agency work. You just get 'goods up to sample.' Love is never up to sample."

"I hope I haven't talked too straight. If I have, you needn't print my letter, which is plain opinion of a man just like any other man you may meet in an omnibus."

A correspondent who signs himself "London Clergyman" expresses an opinion which we print as one of the quaintest and most unexpected that has ever found its way into the *Mirror* post-bag. "Most of the evil arises immediately from the statistical fact that there are more women than men," he asserts. "So far, I agree with Mr. G. R. Sims, but even as he has, so have I—my own idea. I live in Finsbury, and have considered the Mormon propositions. Would not polygamy after all solve the difficulty?"

Unabashed Polygamy.

"Impossible, you will say, and contrary to all our ideas of morality. But if there are three women in a position to marry for every one man who can marry them, why should it be impossible to solve the problem, as the majority of the human race have solved it throughout the history of the world, by a system of polygamy? Why should not one man and three women, his legal wives, live together in a home of mutual peace and happiness, particularly if the wives, as well as the husband, are workers and money-earners."

From a large drapery establishment an "Assistant" sends her view of the matter. "I do wish," she says, impulsively, "there was a matrimonial agency attached to the church in my parish, and so do a lot of my friends. We work hard all the week in the shop, and I am sorry to say, don't often go to worship. We go out for walks in the fresh air instead. Most girls pick up acquaintances with the men they meet, but they are seldom nice men. Still, it is our only chance of making male acquaintances."

Would-be Wife.

"Now I want to get married. I have an unhappy home. I 'live in' at a large drapery house. I have only the evenings free. I don't like to advertise. I want something like the church agency. There are thousands in the same dilemma."

By the last post came a letter from "J. W. M." (Streatham), who asks indignantly whether we saw the report in the morning papers of a complaint which has been made to the Rev. W. Ambridge, Vicar of St. Paul's, Scotland, about couples court-

ing in church, disturbing the service, and scandalising other members of the congregation. "Quite enough of this sort of thing goes on," says "J. W. M.," "without aiding and abetting the bad behaviour. If you add matrimonial bureaux to existing parish institutions, what will happen? How could a vicar object to a church agency couple courting in church?"

WOMAN'S DELUSIONS.

While on a visit to some friends at Putney, Miss Agnes Masterson, carrying on business in Brighton, became strange in her manner, and imagined she had been hypnotised. Two medical men were called to see her.

During the temporary absence from the sick room of her sister, who thought the patient was asleep, Miss Masterson took her life with a razor.

Dr. Chalmers, giving evidence at the inquest, said he directed that the patient be constantly watched day and night. He also suggested the immediate engagement of a mental nurse, but the friends did not like the idea. He did not think from her conversation that Miss Masterson contemplated suicide.

The usual verdict was returned, the jury adding that they thought sufficient care had been taken of the patient.

FOLLOWING REDSKIN MODELS.

Ned Stallard, a well-known Portsmouth costermonger, had one friend he wished to die with him in the Redskin firm. It was his donkey. At his funeral it followed as chief mourner, with its tail tied with black crepe, while it was decorated with the regalia of the Costers' Union.

After following his funeral the donkey was to be shot, by Stallard's desire.

'HOME FASHIONS'

Every Week GIVES AWAY

A PAPER PATTERN. With the issue of April 16th is included a Paper Pattern—with diagram and full instructions how to make same—of this new

PELERINE CAPE.



OF ALL NEWSAGENTS. PRICE 1d.

AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS.
Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

CHAPTER LIII. In Smooth Waters.

In spite of the evil prognostications of Sister Reade, Arthur progressed rapidly. He saw Cynthia daily, and enjoyed the delights of the man who has free access to the presence of the beloved. The course of true love having run so uncommonly roughly, this little backwater of calm, these daily meetings in the quiet of the flower-filled ward at the hospital, were indescribably delightful.

She heard frequently from Inspector Wright, who was still in Paris, watching the progress of the trial of François Mary. Griswold was still at large. The detective was compelled reluctantly to confess that all trace of him had for the moment vanished, and with him, as a matter of course, all trace of the emerald; the only drop of solace in Wright's cup of bitterness being that, unless the swindler delighted in the emerald on account of its own beauty, as poor Pauline had done, it would avail him nothing at all. He might starve even while possessing a fortune, for any attempt to realise money on the stone would put the bloodhounds of the law on his track at once. But the contingency seemed remote; his pockets were well-stocked, and the growth of the green bay tree proverbial.

But though the head of the gang had escaped so far it was different with his followers. Every day brought some fish into the impenetrable meshes of the net of the French law. This it was that finally induced the reason for the assault upon Arthur came to Wright's ears; was another blow for his self-esteem, for it revealed no deep secret plot upon the part of Fabian Griswold, but was merely another testimony to the amazing resemblance which existed between Arthur Stanton and the greatly François Mary. The blow which had so nearly ended Stanton's career was intended for the Frenchman; the motive, Wright could never clearly discover, but imagined that they were connected in some way with the jewels, or, at any rate, a portion of them, which had been stolen on the night of Oswald Drummond's murder. These were never recovered, and the detective's theory was that Mary, perhaps with Griswold's connivance, had appropriated some of them, and that these two minor members of his band of thieves had meant to extort a share of the booty from Mary by force, but, discovering their mistake in the man, had left Arthur in the doorway of the empty house, from which he was finally conveyed to the hospital by the police. The change of clothes had been accomplished in order to put the police off the scent.

It was all very large, when he sketchedly pieced the details together on their first interview; but what did that matter now? So Cynthia said to him happily. It was all over—left behind them, and must be forgotten—forgotten with all the rest of the terrible time through which they had passed. Now, however, that the delicious happiness which had possessed her in the first days following the restoration of her lover had settled into the quieter and more peaceful groove of confident possession, Cynthia's thoughts turned to her sister. Once again the blank began to make itself felt. Pauline had filled so great and important a place in her life that without her the emptiness, and, as is usual in retrospect, her faults diminished as her virtues loomed more great. Cynthia forgot the detective's warning; forgot, now that Arthur was by her side, the story which Wright had told her in Kensington Gardens of the anonymous letter which so nearly succeeded in implicating Arthur Stanton on a terrible charge.

But Wright himself had not forgotten this. Inductively he reminded her of it when, on his

return, he congratulated her upon her engagement, now made public.

"Mr. Stanton is a lucky man in more senses than one, Miss Graham," he said; "he seems to bear a charmed life. Now, when that anonymous letter reached me I wouldn't have given him a penny for his chance of acquittal. I was dead certain at that time that he'd have been found guilty of the theft of your uncle's jewels, and committed after that on the other charge. Well, I was a fool!"

But Cynthia's smile had faded. His words had called up all the old bitter memories, destroyed for ever the picture which sentiment had been painting of Pauline in her heart. She remembered her no longer as the sister who was so much more than a sister, but saw her with a horrid distinctness as the selfish woman who ruthlessly sacrificed all and sundry who came between her and her aims; yet in the depth of her love, matured now from a girlish tenderness to a womanly strength by the frost of sorrow, she found forgiveness for the dead woman's memory, as forgiveness was found once before for an erring soul. To her who loves much, much is forgiven. All Pauline's sins had their root in the one thing—her adoration for the man who had cast her off in the end.

The detective saw the cloud, and hastily turned the conversation. "When is the happy event to take place?" he asked.

"Oh, I haven't thought of that," said Cynthia lightly. "Not for a long time, Mr. Wright. You must not forget that ours is still a house of mourning."

But in making this statement she had failed to take Arthur into account. Almost immediately on his recovery he had written to Mrs. Tanner, his pretty partner in the discovery entrusted to him by James Anthony Tanner, her husband. Perhaps in a story this vivacious little lady would have been found to have made away with all trace of Arthur's share in the matter. It was not so in real life. She, like Cynthia, had cherished a firm hope that Arthur would return, and had conducted the negotiations regarding the explosive and brought them off successfully, like the hard-headed little woman of business that she was. This discovery removed a very great and pressing weight

'STAGE-STRUCK.'

A Realistic Story of
London Theatrical Life,
begins

TO-MORROW.

from Arthur's mind; removed also any bar on his side to the marriage, and so he told Cynthia all a lover's blandishments.

But Cynthia was firm. "Not until six months after Pauline's death," she said in reply to him.

"But sweetheart, why?" he protested. "Pauline would have wished it. What does it matter. Who is there to care?"

"John," she replied, in a grave voice.

Arthur shrugged his shoulders. "So far as I can make out, Mr. Woodruffe is not in a condition to care much about anything. I was speaking about him to Ward only this morning, and he says that he is quite of his head, and that sometimes he doubts whether he will ever be the same man again."

Cynthia turned away to hide the tears which welled up in her eyes. "That is all the more reason for delay," she said, in a low voice. "It would be disastrous, indeed, if we floundered in happiness in the face of the world while poor John is so ill—I am very happy as I am, dearest. After all, what is six months?"

"Eternity, in such a case!" responded Stanton without a moment's hesitation. "You must not ask impossibilities, little one. I cannot wait for six months."

So they made a compromise at three.

The wedding was as quiet as it was possible for a wedding to be, and that is all that it is possible to say about it. It took place one misty morning in October, and the only people present were Sir George Graham and his sister and Mr. and Mrs. Tanner, the Irishman's term of imprisonment having expired. The dulness of the morning

distressed the little Irish lady greatly, but her distress was turned to joy by the fact that as the bride left the church the sun shone out in all its strength, turning the aureole of her soft brown hair to gold, and making her more like a girl-faced Madonna than ever.

Cynthia took her husband abroad, reversing the order of things, for he was still very much of an invalid, and was as a child in her hands. They spent some happy months by the Italian lakes, and then gradually became himself again.

But early in the spring they returned to London.

CHAPTER LIV. Broken.

Cynthia and her husband had been in town for some weeks, but though the girl had made many efforts to see John Woodruffe she had never succeeded. He had left London. The beautiful house in Stanhope-street was shut up and deserted—left, as Cynthia learned from the housekeeper, exactly and untouched, as it had been the night when death had robbed its master of wife and child.

The man had retired to a small house he owned on the upper reaches of the Thames, and there, immuring himself, refused to see anyone. He had one servant only, Matty Chatfield, the woman who had been a second mother to his child, and it was through Matty that Cynthia finally managed to at least gain a response from the stricken man. She had written to him several times in vain; at last she made her appeal to the old woman, and Matty, who was in a fear of no living thing, broached the subject to her master.

"You'll be writing to Miss Cynthia?" she said insinuatingly. "You're fond of Miss Cynthia, and the poor lamb's hurt that you'll never see her. You'd like to see her, now, wouldn't you?"

"I'm fond of no one," he said, "and I wish to see no one. I am all in all to myself, a very god. There, leave me alone."

He turned away, and Matty wrote in this wise to Cynthia. "The poor master is terribly changed, as you know, but he didn't say yes or he didn't say no when I asked if he'd like to see you, and I'm thinking that if you came he'd be as glad as ever."

So with this lukewarm assurance Cynthia went, and found Matty right. He did not refuse to see her.

The house struck upon the girl with a sense of depression as she approached it. It was so shrouded in gloom, the cheerless sun-attracting trees, but huge yews and cypresses which grew close up to the windows and must have sadly interfered with the light of the ground floor rooms. Inside it had the desolate air of prim orderliness which pervades the well-kept residence of a wifeless man.

Only Matty was the same, sweet-faced, immaculate in a spotless gown. She gave Cynthia the warmest embrace the girl had had since she had said good-bye to Mrs. Tanner on her wedding day; it gladdened her heart.

"You're the dear old friend back by the master," she warned Cynthia. "He's a broken man. Her voice sank to a whisper. "The doctors say he's right, but I'm thinking he'll never be right again, and never has been since the night the child was born. You've seen him, and you know how poor, dear lady—spoke to her cruel, before the servant and all!"

"I know," said Cynthia hastily. "But that was the madness of his grief. She spoke as one conceding a defence, for of late a fear had grown in her mind that had not been well with Pauline, and that perhaps there were more causes than the death of his child contributing to John Woodruffe's mental condition."

"Ah, well, you'll see him for yourself," said Matty, and went on to grant the sight of you put some heart into him, for he's breaking mine."

Contrary to Cynthia's expectation, John Woodruffe came to where she sat in the prim sitting-room. The sight of him shocked her inexpressibly. His hair was white and his back bowed like the back of an old man. Yet he greeted her with his customary smile, and she noticed with relief that his voice had lost the bitterness with which it had been charged when she had last seen him, at the time of Pauline's death.

"I insist upon seeing an old man," he said, as he took the hands she held out to him in his own.

"Ah, John, why are you so cruel to us?" she

asked. "It hurt me terribly when you never answered my letters!"

"I had no desire to see you, Cynthia, that was the truth. I do not love you. I am glad to see you now. You belong to the past, you belonged to her."

"And in the old days you were fond of me, John. We were great friends. Would you wish to forget that?"

"I might wish," he said bitterly. Then, with a sudden vehemence, "Turn your face to the light, child. I can't see it here!"

Cynthia obeyed, and he tilted her chin with his hand, and looked long and earnestly into her eyes.

"No, no," he muttered. "There's not a trace of her, not a trace. Thank God. I suppose it's possible for some faint resemblance to remain. He turned away, with the abrupt question, 'You're married, I hear. Are you happy?'"

"Very—very happy indeed."

"He gave a hard little laugh. "That's good. Well, for God's sake don't build any high altars and place your husband on them. It's a mistake. Think him a scoundrel, and be thankful that he isn't worse."

"John, it isn't like you to speak so," she said gently.

"I'm sure it isn't good for you to live here alone. Why have you cut yourself off from us all?"

"I have my work," he replied brusquely. "I have a studio here. You didn't know that, I suppose?"

She shook her head. "But even so, John," she remonstrated, "it is no better, cannot possibly be as good as your studio in London, and solitude is bad for you; you always hated to be alone."

"I am not alone," he said, with a singular intonation in his voice. "I have many companions. Would you care to see them?" He met her look of wonder with a smile. "Don't be afraid, I am not mad, though Matty has probably told you that I am. I mean my pictures. Come, I will show them to you. No one else has seen them but it might be good for you to see them. They may—He broke off abruptly and led the way from the room."

The studio was at the top of the house, up a flight of steep, uncarpeted, wooden stairs, and the man unlocked the door of it with a key he took from his pocket.

It was not large, and the walls were covered with unframed canvases. Cynthia, glancing hastily, felt a shiver of repugnance. They were all studies of a woman's head with varying shades of terrible and grotesque expressions, but in every case the model was the same—and the model was her sister Pauline.

"My companions," he said, with a wave of his hand, "but this is my chief d'œuvre, the picture by which I hope my name may live. Look at it well, my dear Cynthia, it conveys a very notable lesson." With a flourish he drew the covering from the easel and displayed a canvas.

Cynthia stared at it for a few moments in absolute silence. The first blush of its beauty almost took her breath away, the second was a revolt against insatiable, and the third was a horror which never left her.

The subject was the conventional medieval treatment of St. Mary Magdalene, bearing her precious box of ointment, her glorious hair streaming over her white shoulders, the spear of light, the symbol of the Holy Spirit, pointing directly at her. Again Pauline was the model, but in one instance the painter had departed from conventional treatment; the eyes of the penitent saint were not cast up to heaven, they looked straight out from the canvas at you, and were filled, not with tears of remorse and penitence, but with the most malignant evil. They leered with a diabolical wickedness which sickened Cynthia's very soul.

"You like it?" Woodruffe's voice cut like a knife at Cynthia's heart.

"She turned on him sharply. "How dare you do this?"

"Oh, it is cruel and wicked!"

"The truth is never palatable," he said, quietly, and took up his brush. Cynthia waited for a few moments, but he said no more, and though she addressed him several times he paid no attention to her, moving about the studio like a man who sees nothing of the present world. At last, thoroughly frightened and shaken, Cynthia crept downstairs.

She told no one of what she had seen in that lonely house, and it still holds its secret, for John Woodruffe lives on, and men do not usually want to gladly die, but the remembrance of the work which fills those lonely years is the one shadow in Cynthia's life. She reads the day when John Woodruffe's masterpiece is given to the world.

THE END.

GOLCONDA IN BOND-STREET.

Mr. Edwin Streeter, the Famous
Diamond Merchant, Talks
About His Gems.

Everyone likes to read about diamonds and precious stones, even if they do not possess them, and no man probably is a better authority on the subject than Mr. Edwin Streeter, the well-known diamond, pearl, and gem merchant of New Bond-street, who recently announced that he is about to retire from business through failing eyesight. The two principal things that strike one during a visit to his palatial establishment are the apparently careless fashion in which precious stones worth small fortunes are handled, and the magnitude of every-day transactions.

Tiaras at £20,000.

"I noticed," writes a *Mirror* representative, "jewelled watches with backs cut from sapphires of a thousand carats; single bracelets, worth £5,000 each; and necklaces and tiaras, priced at £20,000."

"Papers of huge pearls and rough emeralds from the Egyptian Mines lay upon the tables in lavish profusion; and in dark corners I caught the wondrous crystallisations of blue, pink, green, and yellow diamonds of enormous value."

Mr. Streeter had a pearl fishery of his own in Broom, West Australia, employing about five hundred men and twenty vessels of from 100 to 150 tons burden.

"He formed quite a colony, owning 600,000 head of cattle and 700,000 acres of land, and now belongs to his son, George Skelton Streeter."

Consignments of all kinds of rough stones come into the famous Bond-street house every Monday morning. Last week eight bags of opals

arrived, the weight being 20,000 carats; and on one occasion a quantity of superb and flawless sapphires, valued at £100,000, was received from Cashmere.

"Which is the most popular stone at the present day, Mr. Streeter?" I inquired, with some curiosity.

"Emerald first, pearl second, and the diamond third," was the prompt reply; "but English people are not nearly such good buyers as Americans and the Indian potentates. One of the latter has bought this, despite persuasions to the contrary from his official advisers"; and Mr. Streeter opened a small case, and displayed a stone as big as a nut, but of such magnificent quality that it seemed to be a perfect blaze of liquid fire. "The balance is paying £15,000 for that diamond," remarked Mr. Streeter, as he placed the case in his vest-pocket.

"But I have had far more expensive gems than this one," continued the merchant. "The Tsar of Russia once offered me £200,000 for a certain blue diamond, but this was refused; the most valuable diamond I ever had, however, was worth £50,000."

Priceless Rubies.

"Burmah rubies of the true pigeon-blood colour, over two carats, are worth more than ten times their weight in diamonds, but are very rarely found. Siamese rubies are frequently sold to private buyers as Burmese, the latter being the finest in the world."

"Here is my test ring, which has figured in every celebrated case of technical dispute for over fifty years. This was a most curious ring, set with two rubies, two sapphires, two diamonds, one emerald, and one catseye, the stones going completely round; and it probably has been examined at various times by every legal luminary on

the Bench, from the Lord Chief Justice downwards."

"I don't suppose," remarked Mr. Streeter, "that there are half a dozen shopkeepers in the kingdom who are real experts in coloured gems and pearls; and the following interesting story will illustrate this:—"

"I went to a sale at Christie's one day where a lot of jewellery was being disposed of. The dealers were unquestionably skilled in matters relating to precious stones, especially diamonds, and when I arrived on the scene they informed me that the greater part of the property had been sold."

"Nevertheless, I walked round the auction-rooms, and casually turned over some artificial ornaments which had not yet been offered by the auctioneers. Among these was an imitation pearl tiara, with two very fine pearl drops attached."

A Knowing Bid.

"The ornament was eventually knocked down to me for five guineas; and I was then derisively told that I could have bought it new for a sovereign, but they did not know the two drop pearls were real pearls of the finest quality, and had been the earrings of a lady, whose maid had foolishly sewn them on to the false pearl head ornament, and they were worth two hundred pounds."

"I took out my pocket-knife, removed the two large centre pearls, and then threw the tiara back on the table, remarking, 'These are fine gems.' "Naturally, the Jews were greatly disgusted, and one of them subsequently offered me £800 for the tiara."

"Again, I once bought a necklace of 270 pearls for 27s. 6d. at a sale after having noticed a 41-carat diamond in the snap. Every stone in that ornament was real, and specially fine, and I sold it almost immediately for £1,500. One day I went into a jeweller's shop in that city for the purpose of buying a small present. 'I have just received a parcel of very fine emeralds,' remarked the dealer, who knew his visitor well, 'but there was

that bit of rubbish among them,' he continued, throwing down a stone of a somewhat light green colour."

The Consul offered £25 for the stone, and the jeweller was only too glad to part with it at that figure. Two days afterwards it was found that the gem was a green diamond of unrivalled brilliancy, and it was eventually disposed of in New York for £1,500."

"On the other hand, the sapphire suite of a certain deceased duchess was once brought to me for valuation, but I instantly pronounced the stones to be false; and then, of course, there was some consternation."

"Subsequently, it transpired that many years previously her Grace had lost £20,000 at cards in a single night, and had sold her jewels to pay the debt, replacing them with some excellent imitations made in Paris."

"I may mention, by the way, that large numbers of ladies among the aristocracy not only deposit their jewels in my strong rooms while they are travelling abroad, but during the London season a large percentage wear replicas of the real sets, and never see the latter for the magnificent diamonds suit belonging to a certain marchioness has not left these premises for fifteen years."

Jewellery Insurance.

"The latest thing, however, is a novel system of insurance. The lady pays about the sum of £40 or £50, and this covers jewellery to the value of £20,000."

"And I can assure you," concluded Mr. Streeter, "that the jewels of the Duchess of Westminster, the Marchioness of Bath, Lady Burdett-Coutts, and Lady Londonderry are worth asking care of. Mr. Streeter's treasure-house, the stock of which is valued at over a million sterling, not including the strong-room deposits, is scrupulously swept every night, the dust locked in a safe, and sorted with the utmost care in the morning by assistants who receive £300 a year for this curious work."

RECENT BURIED ALIVE INCIDENTS

MISS CORBE'S FEAR WELL FOUNDED.

Apropos of the instructions left by the late Miss Frances Power Cobbe in her will, as mentioned in yesterday's *Mirror*, to ensure against the possibility of premature burial, the following instances of genuine cases of persons being buried alive may be given to show that Miss Cobbe was justified in the stipulations she made.

In May, 1894, a case was reported to have occurred at Douglas, a village near Cork, the victim being an elderly labouring man. The coffin containing his supposed remains had been lowered into the grave, and a small quantity of earth thrown on it, when a noise was suddenly heard, which very much startled everybody present.

Without a moment's delay, the coffin was brought to the surface and opened, and the horrifying discovery was then made that its occupant had unquestionably been buried alive. He was found at his last gasp, face downwards in the coffin, having turned right over in a frantic but futile effort to burst it open; and his features,

up, and, although appearing dazed for several minutes, managed to ask for food, which was supplied after his relatives and friends had recovered from the terror by which they were at first overcome.

The last that was heard of the matter was that Mr. Irving had not suffered much from his unique experience, and was as strong as could reasonably be expected.

The horrors of being buried alive have been graphically described by one who experienced them some years ago. The case alluded to occurred in Edinburgh, the victim being a young Scotsman of twenty-five years. After a two days' illness he was pronounced dead, and the usual preparations were made for burial.

Although totally unable to speak or move a muscle, he retained consciousness, and was fully cognisant of everything that was going on around him. He knew when he was being placed in his coffin, and listened to the burial service as it was read over him at the grave; but neither before nor after he had been lowered into his cell did he feel the slightest stifling sensation, for respiration had long since ceased.

To quote his own words, "It was the black loneliness of the situation, and the thought that I would

RATHER MIXED.



OVER THE MORNING PORRIDGE.

"I say, dad, did the Lord Mayor give us chine to prevent our food from dropping down?"

contorted and almost black, bore unmistakable signs of the fearful agony of his real end.

It was conjectured that the unfortunate man had been in a state of trance.

The Corpse Coughed.

A case of an extraordinary, and in some of its aspects, ludicrous character, occurred in 1893, in the British Colony of Lagos, when an aged Mohammedan woman amazed her relatives and friends by coming to life just as she was about to be laid in her last resting-place. She presented every appearance of having died the previous day, but on being lifted from the coffin to be interred, according to the Mohammedan rule, the supposed corpse gave several loud and distinct coughs.

As speedily as possible the astonished mourners released her from the cloths in which she was enveloped, and the ancient dame then sat up and opened her eyes. As soon as some gravel could be procured, she partook of it with evident relish; and when proper garments had been substituted for her burial robes she was taken home, apparently little the worse for her gruesome experience.

A curious statement made by the woman was that during her state of inanition she received a premonition that she was to die in her own country, in the interior, to which she was to return forthwith; and she immediately set about making preparations for the journey.

A nephew of Washington Irving had a very narrow escape of being buried alive. Advice from San Diego stated that the gentleman in question, Mr. Washington E. Irving, who had reached the age of seventy-two, was supposed to have died, and after being duly prepared for burial, was screwed down in his coffin.

Just prior to the act of interment, however, a feeble knocking was heard inside the coffin, which, needless to say, was hastily opened. As soon as the lid had been removed the supposed corpse sat

came out of the trance state before death ensued, that caused me most concern, and I wondered if there was any way by which I could quickly destroy myself when Nature asserted itself.

"As I lay there, six feet below the surface, I wondered who my neighbour was on the right, and who on the left, and if they, too, had been buried alive.

"Suddenly I felt a muscle twitch. 'It is coming now,' I thought; 'a moment more and I shall be struggling for breath.' I gave a little gasp, but the air seemed laden with lead, and trying to breathe was like drawing foetid water into my lungs. I had resolved to die with my hands folded on my breast, so that if my body were ever exhumed my relatives would not suspect the awful truth, but I could not lie still.

Fighting for Life.

"The struggle began, and I fought in my narrow prison-house as a man only fights for life. Horrible as it was, I seemed to hear my wife's voice ringing in my ears. It was a cry of agony, and I tried to answer it, but could not. All at once a succession of thunder peals shook my prison-house, caused by the heavy blows of axes breaking open the box containing my coffin.

"A moment later I was lying on the grass in my wife's arms. After my interment she conceived the notion that I had been buried alive, and, to calm her fears, the grave was opened. I went into it a young man, and came out old, after an incarceration of only three hours."

An extraordinary case of a man who was actually buried alive when he was a boy and rescued from death by a mere accidental occurrence is that of George Hayward, a well-known jeweller of Independence, Mo., U.S.A., who recently died at the age of eighty-two years.

He was conscious, he said, when relating his terrible experience of what was happening, but powerless to prevent. He could not utter a sound or make a movement. In his narrow prison-house

he heard the cloths falling upon his lid, and listened with a strange feeling of curiosity rather than of fear to the hum of the words of the burial.

He was rescued through a dispute which arose among the doctors as to the cause of his apparent death. The grave was opened, and his body was carried to a dissection-room, where, through his half-closed eyes, he saw the doctors engaged in a heated altercation. They approached him with their glittering knives, yet he could neither move nor speak. But as one of the doctors was about to use his knife upon his body he managed, by a superhuman effort, to raise his eyelids slightly, when another of the doctors, who had noticed the movement, exclaimed, "Look out, you fool, he is alive!"

The doctors all dropped their knives, and from that moment the boy thus miraculously saved from being dissected while alive recovered rapidly.

Mr. Hayward was never able to tell how long he lay in the grave. The only sense he had of returning to life was when he heard the scraping sound of the spade upon the coffin-lid while the doctors were digging him up.

After the Shovelling-Silence.

Of all the previous events he was painfully conscious. He heard the exclamation of his brother, "Poor boy, he is gone," and felt the hot tears, shed by his mother and sisters, which fell upon his face. He saw well-known countenances peer down at him as he lay upon his bier. He saw the undertaker come and knew that he was to be buried alive. He knew he was being carried to his last resting-place, and was conscious of the fact that was being lowered into it. And when the shovelling had ceased, and the awful silence came, he knew that he was entombed alive.

Yet he could not stir. He was as one enchanted and turned into stone. At length a dreamy sensation and a sense of suffocation came upon him, and then all was a blank until the doctors came.

After Mr. Hayward's recent death an unusually long time was allowed to elapse, and every known test was applied to give assurance that this time life was extinct.

LYING LONDON CLOCKS.

How They Agree to Differ, to the Busy Man's Detriment.

The vagaries of the clocks, which day after day in our London streets deceive those who place reliance in them, causes endless unpunctuality and much disorganisation of business.

A *Mirror* representative yesterday very keenly realised the difficulties caused by the discrepancies in time constantly shown in London's public clocks. Intending to catch a train at Victoria the *Mirror* man found that to catch it was a question of minutes.

The nearest clock was Bennett's, Cheapside, which has a reputation for reliability. The *Mirror* man set his watch by this clock and found that with expedition it was just possible to catch his train by taking a cab.

Just as the cab drove up at the kerb the clock on Bow Church came in the line of vision. Its hands showed an astonishing and annoying fact; it was four minutes later than "Bennett's." A glance eastward showed that "Kendal and Dent's" clock was two minutes faster than "Bennett's" and two minutes slower than Bow Church. A perplexing situation, for if "Bennett's" clock were right the train could be caught; if Bow Church were right it was impossible to catch it. Still there was a fighting chance; "Bennett's" might be right.

"Drive on, cabby," cried the *Mirror* man. Astonishing variations in time were shown by the public clocks on the route to Victoria Station. It was a drive full of hopes and fears, elation and dismay, but chiefly of unmitigated doubt.

Unanimous Variety.

Assuming that Bennett's clock gave the correct time, St. Paul's was two minutes fast. "Benson's" at Ludgate-hill and "Cook's" at Ludgate-circus agreed with St. Paul's. The "Central News" was three minutes fast. The "Chronicle" and "Telegraph" were both fast (three minutes), while the "Daily News" a minute behind them and the "Sporting Life" one minute ahead. The Law Courts clock was three minutes fast, but at St. Mary's-le-Strand Church hope was again aroused, for the clock there was two minutes behind Bennett's. The Horse Guards clock was five minutes fast, but the prospect of catching the train was very bright when the Parliament-street Post Office and Westminster Abbey clocks were sighted. These two agreed, and were exactly in accordance with "Bennett's." There was just time to catch the train.

But Big Ben made the prospect less rosy. It was two minutes ahead. The Army and Navy Stores clock was no help, as it was covered for repairs, but the clock at the head of Vauxhall Bridge-road set everything right. It exactly agreed with "Bennett's." There were just two minutes before train time, and Victoria was reached.

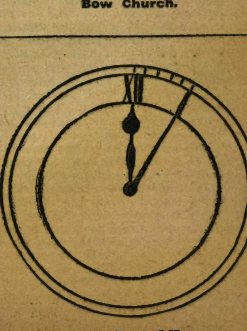
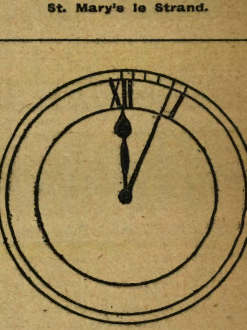
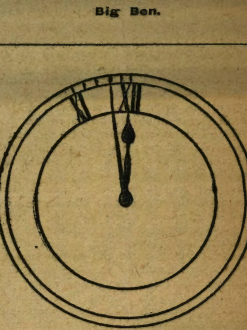
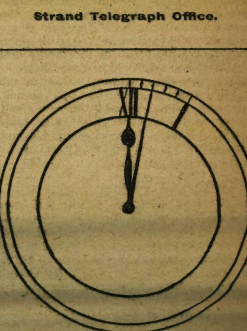
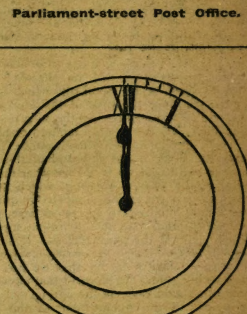
Alas! The clock in the L.B. and S.C. Railway was three minutes fast, and the train was steaming out of the station. Just for mere curiosity the clock in the S.E. and Chatham Station was inspected. It was a minute slower than the clock in the Brighton station.

The following table, which shows exactly how the hands of thirty-six clocks in London stood at twelve midday yesterday, will prove illuminating:-

Bennett's, Cheapside.	12. 0	St. Mary's Le Strand	11. 58
Bow Church	12. 4	"Morning Post"	12. 2
Kendal and Dent,	12. 2	Savoy House	12. 3
Cheapside	12. 2	Strand Post Office	12. 5
Nicholson's	12. 2	Mooney's	12. 5
St. Paul's Ch. Yd.	12. 4	Strand Tele. Office	12. 1
Singer's	12. 5	Smith and Son	12. 3
St. Paul's Ch. Yd.	12. 5	Strand Jewellers	12. 3
Pascall's	12. 5	Dent's, Trafalgar-sq.	12. 3
St. Paul's Ch. Yd.	12. 5	Horse Guards	12. 5
St. Paul's Ch. Yd.	12. 5	Westminster Abbey	12. 0
Benson's	12. 5	Parliament-st P.O.	12. 0
"Cook's"	12. 5	(small clock)	12. 0
Central News	12. 3	Big Ben	12. 2
Ludgate Hill Stat.	12. 4	Army and Navy Stores	12. 2
"Chronicle"	12. 3	(clock being repaired)	12. 0
"Daily News"	12. 2	Vauxhall Bridge-road	12. 0
"Telegraph"	12. 3	clock	12. 0
"Sporting Life"	12. 4	L.B. and S.C.Ry.	12. 3
Law Courts	12. 3	(Victoria)	12. 0
and Clement Dane's	12. 3	clock	12. 0
200, Strand	12. 3	Clock of Grey Coats	12. 15
East Strand P.O.	12. 3	School	12. 15

The *Mirror* has no wish to be invidious by pointing out which of these clocks was right, or that very few of them agreed in the curious point. Is there no way by which this state of things can be remedied?

WHAT IS THE TIME?



Mr. S. A. Woe's St. Denls	O. Peck	8	7
Mr. E. A. Joel's f by Orion-Lopez (120)	Fallon	7	9

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.

Great Metropolitan Stake, Espoon-Ornela.
 Second year of 44th Newmarket Biennial Stake.
 Pastures Hurdle, Derby-Conroy II, Bibury.
 Derby Plate, Newmarket-Donalson's Charn.
 Derby engagements-Levithan.
 Babraham Plate, Newmarket-Australian Colours and
 Grey Gobbie.
 Apprentices' Plate, Newmarket-De Lacry.
 Second Produce Stake, Newmarket-Donalson, Rhodanthe,
 Beacon, Omrah, Angelic, Naphthalis, Filamina Fir,
 St. Amant.
 St. Amant Plate, Newmarket-McDonnell, Walsingham,
 Muted String, and Mignonette.
 St. Dilan Stake, Newmarket-Orleian, Chatty, and
 Pursued.

